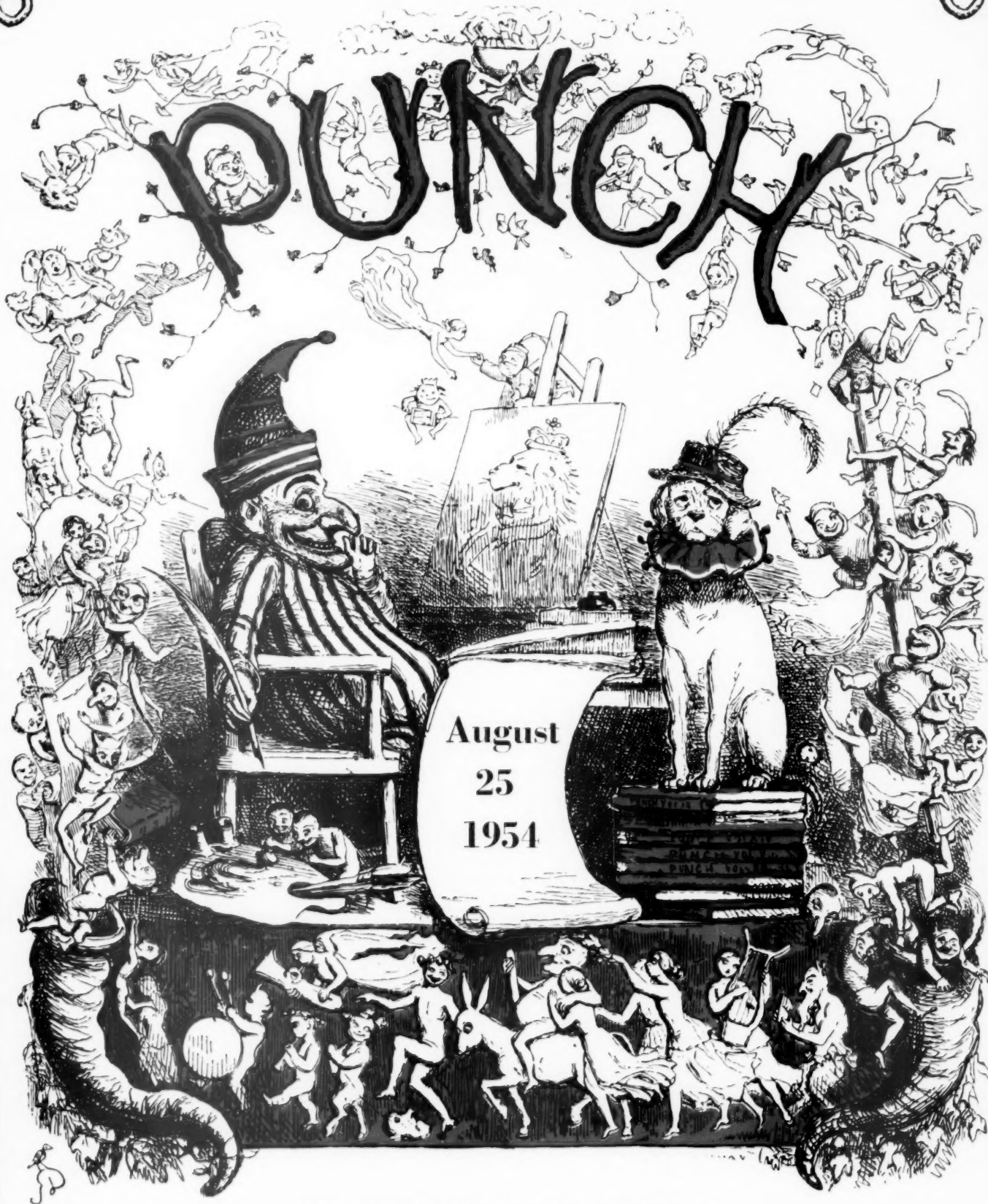


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PUNCH or The London Charivari—August 25 1951

6^d

PUNCH OFFICE 10 BOUVERIE STREET LONDON E. C. 4

Elizabeth Taylor gave her husband Michael Wilding a Parker '51' for his birthday



Apart from the stage and screen, one of the interests the Wildings have in common is painting. He, before becoming an actor, studied art in London, Paris and Brussels, and she is the daughter of an art dealer, and paints in her spare time. Elizabeth Taylor is now appearing in the new M.G.M. technicolor musical "Rhapsody"; Michael Wilding's latest film, now on general release, is MGM's "Torch Song." For his birthday, the strikingly beautiful Elizabeth Taylor gave her husband a Parker '51.'



**MECHANICALLY
UNIQUE—**
and in appearance
elegantly
distinctive



THE '51' PEN AND PENCIL SET

The famous '51' pen with matching continuous-feed pencil. In elegant presentation case **£7.18.6** (Rolled Gold Caps), **£6.4.0** (Lustraloy Caps). Pencil alone **52/6** (Rolled Gold Cap), **40/10** (Lustraloy cap).

Other famous Parker models
each with modern simplified filling system, visible ink supply, and the famous Parker arrow clip. The new large Senior Duofold pen at **43/-**, the slightly smaller Duofold pen at **37/11**, the shorter and slimmer New Victory at **30/11**, the slender, elegant Slimfold at **23/11**, a pen for smaller hands. Pencil to match all these models **20/5**. Presentation boxes available for all pen and pencil sets.

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

IN INGRAM YOU GET IT FOUR WAYS

CONCENTRATED
for economy

MENTHOLATED
for coolness

SUPER-FATTED
for abundant lather

ANTISEPTIC
for skin health

INGRAM the original
mentholated shaving cream

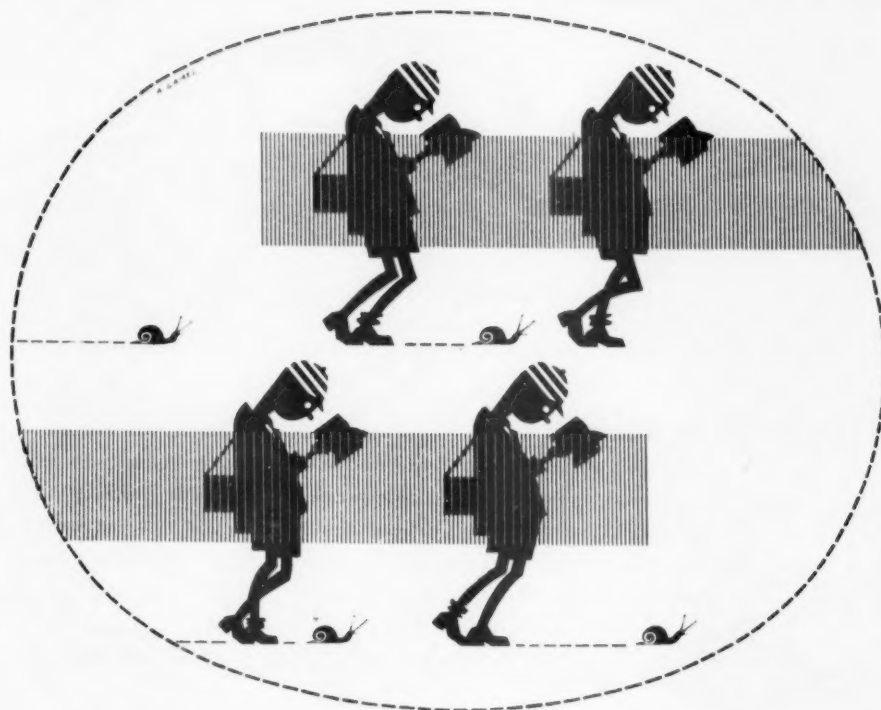
COMBINES ITS OWN FACE LOTION

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS, LONDON AND NEW YORK

53/4/7

PLAYER'S

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT CIGARETTES & TOBACCO



Slow Motion

"CREEP" IS NOT A WORD normally associated with jet propulsion. Yet metallic creep — the slow stretching of a metal under stress at high temperature — is a major problem in jet engine design, and it enters increasingly into many branches of engineering. Creep can increase the diameter of hot steam pipes under the constant pressure from inside. The fast-spinning rotor of an electricity generator may, if it becomes hot enough, distort under the creep caused by centrifugal force. Unless this has been taken into account in designing the generator, its rotor may ultimately foul the generator's shell. Even at ordinary temperatures, lead creeps at quite low stresses and unless appropriate steps are taken, lead sheeting can flow slowly down a roof.

To provide much-needed information on creep, I.C.I. have built a special testing station at Witton, near Birmingham. At this I.C.I. station, the latest techniques are being used to record the changes in

metals under stress at various temperatures and over very long periods. The tests are carried out on sixty machines. Metal test-pieces clamped between steel jaws may be loaded as required up to 30 tons per square inch, while the test temperature, which may be as high as 1000°C., can be maintained for years on end. Special instruments can detect length increases as small as one fifty-thousandth of an inch in the test-pieces. Air conditioning keeps the windowless building at a steady 67°F. night and day. Humidity is controlled. To minimise vibration, the testing machines are mounted in concrete rafts independent of the building foundations. Tests carried out in this I.C.I. research station are providing invaluable information on metallic creep, needed by the designers and engineers who are building I.C.I.'s great new plants and factories, and by the users of the wrought non-ferrous metals marketed by I.C.I.

Imperial Chemical Industries Limited



You Enjoy every mile



in the RILEY 1 1/2 litre saloon

The long ride, the odd trip, the routine journey. You enjoy them all when you drive a Riley. Here is a beautifully made piece of mechanism perfectly obedient to your wishes.

Its heart is the Riley engine, built with the same care that went into the great racing Rileys from which it was developed. The torsionic independent suspension is especially comfortable and trouble-free. The steering has the delightful character that can only come from the work of craftsmen. Prove these facts for yourself —your nearest Dealer will gladly arrange a trial run.

THE BRILLIANT NEW RILEY PATHFINDER

It's the roomiest, most powerful Riley ever. Let us tell you more about this outstanding new car.

★ Riley Models are fitted with safety glass all round.



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Service in Europe—Riley owners planning a Continental Tour are invited to see their Riley Dealer for Details of a Free Service to save foreign currency.



RILEY MOTORS LIMITED, Sales Division, COWLEY, OXFORD

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Overseas Business: Nuffield Exports Ltd., Oxford and 41 Piccadilly, London, W.1



You know what you're getting

Barmen have a way of pouring out bottled beer. But there is no special secret where Whitbread's Pale Ale is concerned. Whether you open the bottle yourself or whether it is poured for you at the bar, this is a beer that remains clear and brilliant to the last drop. It is brewed from

the finest materials, with a skill that comes from long experience; and it is bottled only by Whitbread's. At the pub, the club or the off-licence, you know that you will not be disappointed—

when you ask for a WHITBREAD

the best of the light ales



Fit INDIA the Cool Running Tyres

Cool running is the key to greater mileage. By vulcanizing (or curing) India tyres at lower temperatures and employing advanced rubber compounding techniques, India ensure the coolest running possible thus giving the bonus of greater mileage in greater safety.



Fit
INDIA
and enjoy the extra PLUS of
Cool Curing



OLWOBULUUNGI BWABANTU!

FOR OVER FOUR YEARS Mukasa has watched the great dam being built at Owen Falls, to make more electricity for Uganda.

Mukasa has seen much good come from electric power.

In this new hydro-electric scheme he sees a brighter future for his people. "Electricity," says Mukasa, "is *olwobuluungi bwabantu*—for the benefit of Man."

Her Majesty the Queen, homeward bound on her world tour, recently opened the Owen Falls dam. The six 16,770-kVA waterwheel alternators, which make the electricity, are being supplied by The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd., one of the nine famous British companies that together make up A.E.I.

A.E.I. (Associated Electrical Industries) make everything electrical from a turbine to a torch bulb.

AEI

for everything electrical

Associated Electrical Industries
are a family of companies :

The British Thomson-Houston Co. Ltd.
Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
International Refrigerator Co. Ltd.
Newton Victor Ltd.
Premier Electric Heaters Ltd.
Sunvic Controls Ltd.

The classic case of Stork v Stork Margarine



The Clerk of the Court called Stork Margarine.

Counsel for the Defence objected on the grounds that it was a legal misnomer. When asked "What *is* a legal misnomer?" he could only explain that it was rather like calling the judge "Guv".

The judge hastily sustained the objection, and directed the jury to his chambers—to make Stork's creamy taste their first finding.

The true facts of the case are these. The Law says that because Stork is Margarine we must call it Margarine. Otherwise we're misleading you. But when scrupulous selection and skilful blending of the choicest of natural fats have given Stork such a creamy taste—to call it Stork *Margarine* might prove just as misleading. But don't shoot the Law—it's doing a good job! Why, only recently it required *all* table margarines to contain Vitamins A and D. This followed the advice of the Food Standards Committee—and the Stork Standard of twenty years ago.

The Law and the Palate beg to differ—

THE LAW CALLS STORK MARGARINE



NEARLY ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO THE FIRST LONGINES WATCHES WERE MADE IN THE FIRST FACTORY OF ITS KIND IN SWITZERLAND. TO-DAY, ON THE SAME SITE, THE SAME SKILL AND PATIENCE FASHION THE ONLY TOOLS DELICATE ENOUGH TO PRODUCE THE FANTASTICALLY-SMALL AND EXACT PARTS OF THE LONGINES MOVEMENT. NATIVE CRAFTSMANSHIP AT ITS VERY BEST ACCOUNTS FOR THE WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION FOR ACCURACY AND LONG LIFE OF

LONGINES



THE WORLD'S MOST HONOURED WATCH

Representatives: BAUME & CO. LTD., LONDON & LA CHAUX-DE-FONDS

Insist on KUNZLE



Art Dessert

CHOCOLATE ASSORTMENT

...like Kunzle Cakes—a compliment to Good Taste

C. KUNZLE LTD., BIRMINGHAM, ENGLAND

Renowned for Reliability



Model LH150 with Table-Top and Drawer. Shelf-room equals 3½ feet long by 1 foot wide... ample for the family's perishable foods.

Ask your friends! For 30 years housewives have been envied their trouble-free Electrolux Refrigerators.

- ▶ Operated by Gas, Electricity, Paraffin or Bottled Gas.
- ▶ Permanently Silent, no distracting noises—no moving parts to wear.
- ▶ Country-wide service with Guarantee.
- ▶ Credit Terms to suit your convenience.

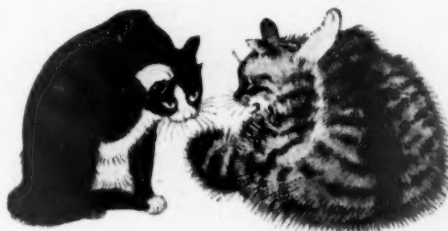
In keeping food COLD—CLEAN—COVERED

Electrolux

Excels



For details of Electrolux Silent Refrigerators please write to:
ELECTROLUX LTD., (Dept. P4), 153/5 REGENT ST., LONDON, W.1.



"You know, if we weren't self-combusting washing machines, we would have an Agamatic Boiler too."

AGA HEAT LIMITED

102/8 Orchard House, Orchard Street, London, W.1
The word 'Agamatic' is a registered trade mark of Aga Heat Ltd.
(Proprietors Allied Ironfounders Ltd.)



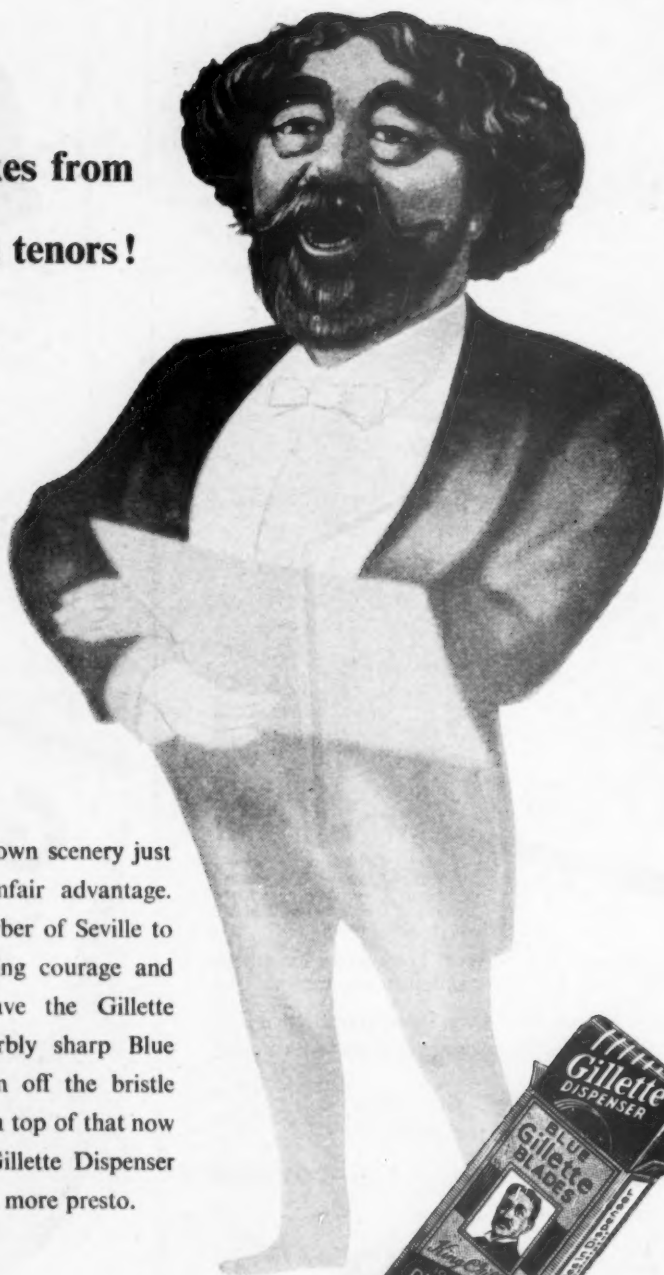
'Granola' REGD.
The finest of all Digestive Biscuits
Macfarlane Lang

MACFARLANE
GRANOLA
BISCUITS

The Perfectly
Balanced
Wheatmeal
Biscuit

**No jokes from
you clean-shaven tenors!**

You'd be wearing your own scenery just like me but for one unfair advantage. When I sang in the Barber of Seville to shave needed outstanding courage and determination. You have the Gillette Razor and those superbly sharp Blue Gillette Blades to skim off the bristle *allegro con brio*. And on top of that now comes the quick-feed Gillette Dispenser to make the tempo even more presto.



Good mornings begin with Gillette



ACCORDING to one report on Stanislaw Kreft, who dived from the *Batory* as she was leaving port at Copenhagen, his first words to Danish police who led him away to political asylum were "I jumped for freedom." This is expected to be the title of the book.

Drain on the Housekeeping

MR. PEMBREY, the surgeon who planned a family of ten when he married in 1939 and has reached his target this month, is reported to have told interviewers "I was afraid it might be a strain on my wife because of shortage of money, so we decided to stop at ten." Mrs. Pembrey, it is understood, has reminded her husband that if he wishes to raise his sights there are always more family allowances.

Gale Warning

AND NOW—Cinerama, with not only a screen three times as wide as the old-fashioned pocket-handkerchief rectangle but forty-eight loud-speakers for the



sound system. Audiences must fight against the impulse to turn up their collars when their idol sighs in close-up.

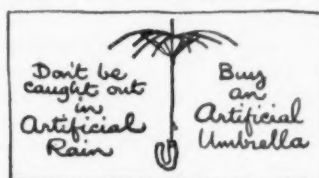
Tangent

IN a paragraph headed "Saving Horses" the *Star Man's Diary* describes how a small group of Buckinghamshire children founded a "Save Horses from Cruel Slaughter Club," and have now raised more than fifty pounds after circularizing members "so that all the money subscribed could be used to buy a horse." This naturally reflects nothing but credit on all concerned, though the

casual reader is left rather in the dark about what is being done to forestall the cruel slaughter of the original beneficiaries.

Umbrella Men

IN Australia, America and elsewhere scientists are hard at it trying to produce artificial rain. Some of them favour the dry-ice process, others burn silver iodide to produce a smoke of fine particles, and still others are spraying



the skies with small chemical droplets or projecting hygroscopic nuclei into the base of promising clouds. So far it hasn't occurred to anyone to come to Britain and study the natural method.

More Overcrowding

FOREST of Dean residents object to the plan to fill their disused pit shafts with radio-active waste. But what is to be done with the stuff? This is the first small intimation of immense problems to come; slowly but relentlessly, in a world which has driven out war by diplomacy but continues to build up its armaments with frenetic industry, difficulties of storage and disposal will mount and multiply. In another twenty years of armed peace the question may be whether to put the stock-pile of weapons down the world's disused pit shafts or live there ourselves. It's simply a matter of *lebensraum*.

Not Guilty

REPORTS that a letter posted in Derby was delivered three miles away in only half an hour were huffily denied by the Post Office, who declared that such speed was not possible. No doubt this

example of frank humility will be followed by other public departments, British Railways coming out promptly with denials that trains are running before time, and the National Coal Board issuing hurried Press releases disposing of rumours about inflammable fuel. Even the B.B.C. television service might start an intensive hunt through the critics' pages, in the hope of finding a tribute worthy of official repudiation.

Strait-Lacing

NEW York cinema audiences will not be allowed to see Walt Disney's *The Vanishing Prairie*, the State Censor Board has decided, because it contains a sequence showing the birth of a buffalo calf. The broad-minded are pointing out that D. W. Griffith never had this trouble with his natural phenomenon on a much larger scale.

Which Way?

OFFICIAL inquiries into a derailment have disclosed that in the last two years thirty trains have slipped backwards in the steep North Queensferry tunnel. Interest in this has been mainly confined to railway enthusiasts, though one



or two alert sophists, in search of a neat crack about life to-day, have filed one paragraph of the Report for future use:

"I do not think the driver can be blamed . . . for failing to notice the run-back, because it is almost impossible to sense the direction of movement . . . when travelling at low speed in an unlighted tunnel full of smoke and steam."

Not to be Held in the Hand

HIGHLY successful range-firing tests have amply justified the adoption of the

new F.N. self-loading rifle, and the authorities have decided not to worry too much about its awkwardnesses of shape and construction which make it impossible to handle for drill and ceremonial purposes. After all, the hydrogen bomb seems to get on all right without a lot of banging about on the parade ground.

Beyond Challenge

THE connoisseur of headlines, in awarding private certificates of merit, must make allowances for the medium in which each gem appears; the setting can add to or detract from its brilliance. Many such experts must have retired for good last Tuesday, confident that if they lived to a hundred they would never find a match for "SNOOKER BALLS IN P.C.'s HELMET" (*The Times*).

All Next Week

THOSE who cherish the individual's right to publish matter unwelcome to the authorities will acclaim the serialization of Lord Russell's book in our most fearless national daily. Swindon readers hope for early extracts from the *Decameron*.

Nice Spirit

FREE service for the motorist has never been a big feature of the British petrol-station, but things are looking up now. A leading petroleum firm is presenting customers with a neat folding card on which a miles-per-gallon record can be kept. As if this were not bountiful enough, instructions are given on how to do it:

- "1. Start with full tank.
2. Then record all spirit purchased including amount to fill tank on completion.
3. Divide total miles by number of gallons used."

Who knows?—while the motorist is working this out with slide-rule and logarithm he may find that the courteous attendant has washed his car down and polished it gratis.

Si Monumentum Requiris . . .

A Ruhr firm is making 5000 storm trooper daggers, complete with swastikas, for sale as souvenirs.—*News Chronicle*

'THE tumult and the shouting dies;

The dead at Belsen sleep serene;

Slowly the ruined cities rise;

At Buchenwald the grass is green . . .

Come, buy a dainty dagger, set

With swastikas—lest you forget!

MY VISIT TO CHINA

By The Rt. Hon. CL•M•NT ATT•L••

CHINA is a big country which is inhabited by a lot of Chinese. It is the biggest country in the world except for Russia which is even bigger. In the short time at my disposal I did not have time to see all the Chinese that there are in China, but I saw all that I could.

In the morning we all went for rides in vehicles known as pedicabs. The driver of a pedicab sits in front and the rider sits behind. The driver has to pedal the pedicab in much the same way as a horse used to drag a hansom cab in the old Victorian days that I remember so well. I was the rider. They took us to the part of Peking that used to be known in the old days as the Forbidden City. "It is not forbidden to you," joked Mr. Chou En-lai who has an excellent sense of humour. It was very interesting.

We came back and had luncheon. It was a very good luncheon—much larger than my wife gives me in Buckinghamshire where we often have pressed beef. There were fifteen courses and about four hundred guests. At the end I proposed the health of the Chinese Republic and Mr. Chou En-lai responded by proposing the health of Dr. Edith Summerskill. I said as a joke that I hoped that in future the Chinese would not shoot down more British aeroplanes than they could help, and Mr. Chou En-lai replied laughingly that, if they had to shoot them down,

they would at any rate apologize afterwards. He explained that it was all the fault of the American Imperialist bandits. Everybody was very friendly and I am sure that it has done a great deal of good to have this opportunity of learning the other person's point of view.

The Chinese are very fond of flowers, and we were all given a lot of very pretty flowers. I am afraid that I do not know their names. In Moscow nobody was given any flowers except Dr. Summerskill, but here Mr. Bevan and I were given flowers as well. The Chinese, indeed, are very democratic and they even gave one flower to Mr. Morgan Phillips.

I wanted to see the country where they recently had the floods and where, unfortunately, about a million peasants were drowned. It is such disasters, Mr. Chou En-lai explained, which make it so difficult to know how many people there are in China. I expect that in a year or two when things are better organized they will be able to take a more accurate census.

I was sorry that we could not go on to Korea. Our hosts were anxious to show us the place there where some British soldiers who were taken prisoner had been brainwashed and made confessions. I am afraid that we could not spare the time.

Then we came back to Peking where we had another large luncheon, and afterwards went to a Chinese play which seemed to be about two politicians. One of them who had a dedicated look stabbed the other in the back. It took nineteen hours and, as I do not understand Chinese, I did not follow very well what it was all about. They told me that it was called Peaceful Co-existence.

The next day we flew on. Mr. Chou En-lai had very kindly promised that he would not shoot down the aeroplane in which I was travelling. C. H.



"And what was the feeling about E.D.C. when you left?"

"They were walking across the big entrance hall, she was walking between them, a hand in each of theirs. She felt full to bursting but not with tears. Her shining eyes spoke for her."—*Serial in Woman*

Never mind her eyes—how many hands has she got?



WILLOW PATTERN

Fishing in Paris

By JOHN STEINBECK

I AM one of the world's foremost observers of other people's fishing. I believe that certain national characteristics emerge in fishing and attitudes toward fishing. With this in view I have for many years studied the relationship of fisherman to fish. It is therefore natural that I am drawn to the Oise on a Sunday afternoon in the summer where one may observe Parisian fishing at its very best.

Perhaps I should set down some American and British attitudes and methods in order that my conclusions about French fishing may stand out by contrast.

Fishing in America has several faces of which I shall only mention two. First—all Americans believe that they are born fishermen. For a man to

admit a distaste for fishing would be like denouncing mother-love or hating moonlight.

The American conceives of fishing as more than a sport: it is his personal contest against nature. He buys mountains of equipment: reels, lines, rods, lures, all vastly expensive. Indeed the manufacture and sale of fishing equipment is one of America's very large businesses. But equipment does not finish it. The fisherman must clothe himself for the fish with special and again expensive costumes. Then, if he can afford it, he buys or charters a boat as specialized for fishing as an operating theatre is for surgery. He is now ready to challenge the forces of nature in their fishy manifestations.

The fisherman prefers to travel many thousands of miles, to put himself through powerful disciplines, to learn a special vocabulary and to enter a kind of piscatorial religion all for the purpose of demonstrating his superiority over fish. He prefers the huge and powerful denizens of the sea which have great nuisance and little food value. Once fastened to his enemy, the fisherman subjects himself to physical torture while strapped into a chrome barber's chair, and resists for hours having his arms torn off. But he has proved that he is better than fish. Or he may celebrate the fighting quality of the bone fish which has no value except for the photographs of the antagonists. The fisherman endows the fish with great intelligence and fabulous strength to the end that in defeating it he is even more intelligent and powerful.

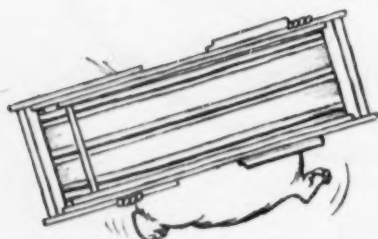
It has always been my private conviction that any man who pits his intelligence against a fish and loses has

it coming, but this is a highly un-American thought. I hope I will not be denounced.

A secondary but important place of fishing in America is political. No candidate would think of running for public office without first catching and being photographed with a fish. A non-fisherman could not be elected President. This may explain why our politicians spend so much time on rivers and streams. Golf has nowhere near the political importance that fishing has, but maybe that is changing.

The British fisherman has quite a different approach, one that brings out all the raw sentiment he can permit himself. The English passion for private property rises to its greatest glory in the ownership and negotiability of exclusive fishing rights in rivers and streams. The ideal British fishing story would go something like this:

Under a submerged log in a stream through a beautiful meadow lies an ancient and brilliant trout which for years has resisted and outwitted the best that can be brought against him. The whole country knows him. He even has a name. He is called Old George or Old Gwyndolyn, as the case may be. The fact that Old George has lived so long can be ascribed to the gentlemanly rules of conduct set up between trout and Englishmen. Under these rules the fisherman must use improbable tackle and a bait Old George is known to find distasteful. Of course a small boy with a worm or anyone with a half stick of dynamite could do for Old George, but that would be as un-British as shooting a chicken-stealing fox instead of setting twenty-five horsemen and fifty socially eligible



dogs after the fox whom we will call Old Wilbur. The English use "Old" as a term of endearment verging on the sloppy. A British wife who truly loves her husband to distraction adds the word poor so that he becomes Poor Old Charley, but this is affection verging on the distasteful.

In our ideal fish story the fisherman rereads Izaak Walton to brush up his philosophic background, smokes many pipes, reduces all language to a series of grunts, and finally sets out of an evening to have a go at Old George.

He creeps near to the sunken log and drops his badly tied dry fly up stream of the log so that it will float practically into Old George's mouth. This has been happening to Old George every evening for ten or fifteen years. But one evening perhaps Old George is sleeping with his mouth open or maybe he is bored. The hook gets entangled in his mouth. Then the fisherman, with tears streaming from his eyes, pulls Poor Old George out on the grassy bank. There, with full military honours and a deep sense of sorrow from the whole community, Old George flops to his death. The fisherman eats George boiled with brussels sprouts, sews a black band on his arm and gains the power of speech sufficiently to bore the hell out of the local pub for years to come.

Now consider the banks of the lovely Oise on a summer Sunday afternoon. This is very different fishing. Each man has his place and does not move from it, sometimes a boat permanently moored between poles, sometimes his little



station on the bank allotted and loved. Since the fishermen do not move it is conceivable that neither do the fish. The *status quo* must be universal. I have seen a man in his niche on the bank, a great umbrella over him, a camp chair under him, a bottle of wine beside him, and in front the reeds clipped to a neat low hedge and a row of geraniums planted.

The fishing equipment is simple but invariable. The pole is of bamboo, not expensive but often adorned, painted blue or red or sometimes in stripes of many colours. The tackle is as delicate and transparent as spider web. On a hook about the size of a pinhead is fixed a tiny bread pellet. The Parisian is now ready for the fishing.

Here is no sentiment, no contest, no grandeur, no economics. Now and then a silly baby fish may be caught, but most of the time there seems to be a courteous understanding by which fish and fisherman let each other strictly alone. Apparently there is also a rule about conversation. The fisherman's eyes get a dreaming look and he turns inward on his own thoughts, inspecting himself and his world in quiet. Because he is fishing he is safe from interruption.

He can rest detached from the stresses and pressures of his life or anybody's life. In America it is said that it takes three weeks to rest from the rigours of a two weeks vacation. Not so on the Oise.

I find that I approve very highly of Parisian fishing. From the sanctity of this occupation a man may emerge refreshed and in control of his own soul. He is not idle. He is fishing.

I can't wait to buy a bamboo pole and a filament of line and a tube of bread-crumbs. I want to participate in this practice which allows a man to be alone with himself in dignity and peace. It seems a very precious thing to me.

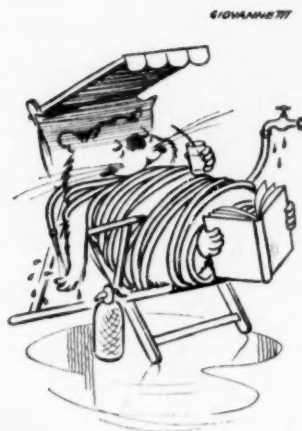
Anything on Schizophrenia?

"When we've got a problem to solve, how do we set about it? Do we really concentrate—or just apply a ready-made solution? The August Reader's Digest gives steps you can take to achieve the power of 'creative thinking'."

WHAT ANIMALS CAN TEACH US.

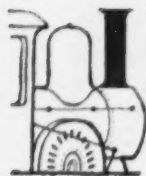
They teach us not to worry. (What bird could raise a family if it fretted over the endless feeding trips?). An article in the August Reader's Digest shows how the simple philosophy of animals can enrich our lives."

From an advertisement for Reader's Digest



By Steam Train to Kensington

By JOHN BETJEMAN



It is my delight to travel by suburban steam trains in London. I have waited half an hour in the echoing and unfrequented half of Aldersgate station for the rare and nearly empty steam trains to grind up the slope from Moorgate on their way to the Midland and Great Northern suburbs. I have sat in the gaslit compartment of a Great Northern train here, with the ghosts of Carrie and Charles Pooter, Murray Posh, Mr. Padge and Eliza's husband and Jerome K. Jerome's Harris and seen from the window mysterious arcades of sidings which are something to do with that goods line the Great Western runs to Smithfield.

I have gone by steam from Liverpool Street to Chingford and from Liverpool Street to Palace Gates, changing at Seven Sisters in order to do so. And at that high-up wooden junction I have crossed the little bridge to the lonely platform where the train from North Woolwich awaits to take me through West Green and Noel Park to its countrified forgotten terminus. And walking thence over municipal grass I have climbed the slope to Ally Pally and there seen the summer evening sunlight catch the steeples and water towers of North London.

Who are the passengers on such unfrequented lines? Who are they who for so long, to quote E. V. Lucas, have

*"peered from a third class 'smoker'
Over the grimy waste of roofs
Into the yellow ochre"?*

They are certainly not those who must use steam because they have to, living in Tilbury or Southend and feeling obliged to arrive at Fenchurch Street. The people who use the lines I mention could perfectly well take the dull Tubes or duller buses. Looking at them, I think they must be seekers of peace and creatures of habit loyal to the glorious pre-grouping days and aware that the personalities of the old railways still survive in suburban stations which have been spared rebuilding in concrete. "I've always used the line and my father did before me. Now that there's not so much for me to do in the office I find I can comfortably catch the 5.11 from Moorgate to Cricklewood."

All this is a prelude to the most

exciting and unknown of London's steam suburban lines to survive—the West London Extension Railway. It is not mentioned in *Bradshaw*. But it is mentioned at the end of the green Southern time-table and is printed in different type from the rest of the tables so as to show it is independent. This line runs from Clapham Junction to Addison Road (for Olympia). The trains are few and irregular, and they start at different times on different days of the week, like times of services when the vicar is without a curate, except that on the W.L.E.R. there are no Sunday services. A porter at Waterloo told me that two old ladies own the line and that they have refused to sell out to British Railways and that they receive 1/6 for every train which crosses their bridge over the Thames from Battersea to Lots Road. So glorious a story cannot be true, but I like to believe it.

Let me recommend a visit to the most northerly and the least used of all the platforms on Clapham Junction, that flimsy collection of cast iron, glass, wood and brick set among so many shining rails. Let it be where the rails are least shiny, on a week-day when the W.L.E.R. is working at about 4.30. Not a soul will be on the platform. Suddenly an antique engine will be seen riding over brick arches among the Battersea chimney pots and then curving in towards the platform, dragging a trail of London and South Western rolling stock. Surprisingly the train is crowded. Perhaps they are people who work at Cadby Hall, perhaps Civil Servants from

that hideous new barrack near Olympia. They dismount slowly and are let out one at a time by the ticket collector down dark stairs into Clapham.

The train which goes back through Battersea, over the Thames with the best possible view of Battersea Reach and down stream to Westminster, is empty except for you and me. The interior woodwork is grained to look like oak: sepia photographs of Parkstone and Sidmouth adorn the walls: the seating arrangements are rather like the top of a tram. We hurtle through a land of docks and canals at great speed. Willow herb rises on the ruins of Chelsea and Fulham station as we flash past its dismantled platforms. Soon West Brompton is upon us in a brown brick cutting and here we are, slowing down into that neglected waste of platforms which was once to be the great station of West London, the Paddington, St. Pancras, Victoria and Willesden of all first- and second-class passengers: KENSINGTON (Addison Road), more recently named Olympia. The whole journey took eight minutes. Never did man move so far in London so fast in recent years. There is no one to collect our tickets. Two late typists board our train for the last journey of the day back to Clapham.

In one of those tall Italianate streets, which are not quite Kensington and not quite Fulham, I can picture a tall four-storey semi-detached house. All the other houses in the road have been turned into flats. The district has "gone down." But this house alone retains its privacy, though the windows are dusty and some of the blinds have stuck. Here live the two old ladies, the proprietors of the West London Extension Railway. Now as we leave Addison Road they will be having tea, and it is pleasant to think that as our train crossed the bridge from Battersea they received one-and-six towards their cakes and jam.



"THE 34OZ. BABY
Doctors Win Fight"
Evening News

They should try someone their own size.



"Give Fred a shout as you go by—he's doing the traffic census."

Collectors' Piece

By H. F. ELLIS

SOMETIMES on a wild and stormy day, when the elms sway and groan above the hedgerows and the wind whips to frenzy the surface of the puddles in the country lane, you may chance to look out through the rain-lashed windows of your cosy cottage and see a hurrying figure pass by, bent almost double against the fury of the gale. From beneath the subfusc jacket, which the lonely traveller clasps close about him as though anxious to afford such protection as he may to some treasured possession, peeps the corner of what a keen observer might guess to be a brief-case or portfolio; his thin black shoes, despite the man's almost ludicrously high-stepping gait, are caked with mud; his trousers, just discernibly pin-striped in the uncertain gloom, are sodden and unkind. You would say that all the devils in hell must be after him, to drive a fellow-creature out in such attire on such a day.

The extraordinary thing is that the man may very well be one of Her Majesty's Collectors of Inland Revenue.

Of all inland revenue jobs, or so I should have said until a week or so ago, that of the tax collector is the most notably sedentary and protected. It is the tax *inspector* who does the rough, who must go down into the arena and do battle face to face with the dregs of tax-paying humanity, who shoots it out with chartered accountants, who is constantly called upon, if not to get mud on his shoes, at least to touch pitch and endeavour to remain undefiled. By the time the matter comes before the collector (such was my belief) the dross has all been purged away, the wrangling, the ill-will, the sudden nauseating glimpses into the dark places of the human heart, are over and done with. The "TOTAL AMOUNT PAYABLE on or before . . ." has been agreed, even finalized, and all that remains to do is to copy it out on a demand note and send it off. If there is to be any unpleasantness or difficulty about the actual payment of the thing, some Somerset House solicitor will see to that. Envious income-tax collector, shut away there in respectable anonymity in your ivory tower!

So abjectly ignorant can one be of the life and hard times of one's fellow men. But I know better now. The demand

for gumboots made recently by tax collectors, and reported in last week's papers, has put paid for ever to these pathetic misconceptions about the duties of the collecting branch.

Even in summer a man does not need gumboots (and, the report adds, "protective clothing") to sit in an office and dispatch demand notes. The tax collectors themselves, in their plea to the Inland Revenue Board, admit as much. "So long as we are sitting at our desks," they say, "all is well." But there is a great deal more in tax collecting than this. "The trouble starts," says my newspaper, in a précis of the collectors' demands which seeks to break the news of man's inhumanity to man as gently as possible, "when some taxpayers neglect to pay. Collectors go out to seek the defaulters and try to collect the money instead of taking the case to court. The collectors say they may have to tramp miserably through the rain or trudge through muddy fields to reason with some forgetful farmer or builder."

There emerges a totally new picture of these misunderstood officials. One knew that rent collectors went about knocking fitfully on doors; and some insurance companies make no secret of the fact that their representatives call from time to time to advise housewives about their investments and give a hand with the weekly wash; but one taxpayer at least had never dreamt that inland revenue officials ever put on their hats

and tramped, much less trudged, the countryside in search of monies lawfully owing to the State. The thought of these devoted, midden-bespattered creatures hopelessly hammering on the doors of renegade farmers, with the sound of the shooting of bolts ringing in their ears, comes near to unmaning me. It is as affecting, in its different way, as the knocking in *Macbeth*.

Is there a man in the whole country cold-hearted enough to deny these men their simple request for gumboots? Certainly there is. There are half a dozen. The Board of Inland Revenue's reply to the collectors plumbs the depths of callous insensibility. "We are all liable to get our shoes dirty," they say airily, "and even thick mud can be cleaned off. The man who is getting mud on his shoes is not at the same time shining his elbows."

This is a masterpiece of pettifoggery chicanery that will not, I believe, commend itself to the collectors. You might as well remind a man who has just sat down on his top hat in a puddle that he has saved the seat of his trousers from a wetting; and the Board will find, as many have found before them, that it rarely pays to be philosophical about other people's troubles. The collectors are hardly the men to be content with a single demand. Already, one imagines, the Second Application is in the post; and when that in turn has been waved aside with a breezy effrontery that would do credit to a farmer or a builder, willing hands will set to work on the drafting of the Final, the red-letter, Demand for protective clothing.

And then? Then one day—a day, I like to think, when the October gales are making the casements of Somerset House rattle again and sudden squalls of rain sweep forbiddingly against the window-panes—there will come the squelching tramp of many thin-soled feet along the corridors, and an ominous knock, knock, knocking on the Board-room door . . .

Fearless Pen

"After the experience of Crichton Down, to call in aid a strong central government looks very like inviting the mighty Beelzebub to cast out a host of lesser devils. This seems to me the central problem of Socialism. I will tackle it next week."

R. H. S. Crossman in *The New Statesman*



"I just couldn't put it down."



"There's a right-of-way clearly indicated."

A Vision of Judgment

By CHRISTOPHER SYKES

THIS week the Critics have been to *Don Giovanni*, a new opera by the Austrian composer Wolfgang Mozart, and I am going to ask you, Elfrisptha, to open."

"Quite frankly I was disappointed. It seemed to me that such an essentially volatile talent as Herr Mozart's would easily adapt itself to Tirso de Molina's story and the Spanish sixteenth century. I don't mean that I necessarily expected Herr Mozart to go all Wardour Street—"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"—He! He! He!—all Wardour Street, but I did expect him to have

taken the trouble to study the Spanish background of the splendid old legend. But this he has not done, and as the thing stands we are invited to follow an essentially Spanish episode in terms of reference that are so vague that the story might as plausibly be about an Italian upper-class family who get into trouble with a very, very Italian seducer, the whole transaction being conducted, for some reason quite beyond me, actually *in Italian*—"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"—But this neglect of the background is not the greatest blemish. Herr Mozart seems to have taken not the

least trouble with his stagecraft. There is a comic servant—not, if I may say so in passing, an entirely original idea—who is called Leporello, and he is represented as discussing intimate affairs of the heart with another character of the piece, an upper-middle-class woman called Donna Elvira—Dons and Donnas are the only Spanish words we are allowed—"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"—in terms of familiarity which strain probability beyond the limits tolerable in the lightest fantasy. One of his songs—rather attractive in itself—with which he regales her is about Don Giovanni's,

or as I prefer to call him Don Hoo-Ahn's, past successes in love, and this, we are asked to believe, is listened to patiently by a lady who is herself one of Hoo-Ahn's discarded mistresses . . . But even this blunder of characterization and conduct of situation is quite small compared to those which follow in the second act, where at one point the main personages of the story find themselves all together in the courtyard of Donna Anna, the daughter of the Spanish nobleman whose murder is the initial episode. This is the last place, surely, that the servant of the fugitive murderer is likely to run to, but that he does so is precisely what we are asked to believe. What I found easier to believe was that Herr Mozart wanted to collect an ensemble for a sextet and could think of no plausible way of doing so. He! He! He! But even yet more exasperating than such individual faults is the confused character of the piece as a whole. An audience and a critic is entitled to know whether he is listening to light after-dinner entertainment or a moral exhortation. Herr Mozart has simply lost his way here. At one moment we are asked to enjoy the amorous adventures of Don Hoo-Ahn, as we might and ought to enjoy them in a popular musical comedy, and then—without explanation again—we are evidently supposed to be impressed by the moralistic utterances of a singing statue—of all things!"

"Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"He! He! He! The final impression left on the audience by this very patchily and hastily and faultily conceived work is that, while showing abundant talent, it shows none of the musical grasp and awareness of life which Herr Mozart has given us reason to hope he is capable of."

"Thank you very much, Elfrisptha. Would you like to begin the discussion, Alexander Remorce-Bruce?"

"I would like to go back to that point Elfrisptha made about the Spanish *background* of the story. If an artist worth any of his salt at all is going to vamp up an old Spanish story, and that is *all* Herr Mozart is *doing* after all, he is under what amounts to a positive *obligation* to avail himself of the really *incredibly* rich musical heritage of Spain, and my own impression was that Herr Mozart hadn't studied any of that *at all*. There is a very *far-fetched* and needlessly *complicated* scene in which Don Hoo-Ahn serenades someone or other, and—what happens? Another little bit of Italian tweedle-dee—"

"He! He! He!"

"It is difficult to *forgive* an artist who gives us a Spanish story without bothering to look at a Spanish *picture* or a Spanish *landscape*, or to read a Spanish *book*, but I find it absolutely *impossible* to forgive the composer of a Spanish opera who doesn't seem to have even *heard* of Flamenco."

"What do you think, MacWirther?"

"Well, I wonder if we aren't being a bit captious about Herr Mozart's opera. As light entertainment I found a great deal of it, and especially some of the music, pretty enjoyable really. Yes, Elfrisptha?"

"I did try to convey that as after-dinner entertainment it was not without merit, but my point is that it is written at two levels and that what the two levels need to co-ordinate them is that clear and definitive explanation of what he is about and what mood he is appealing to which the composer capriciously, or perhaps incompetently he! he! withholds from his audience. Don't you agree, Sandy?"

"Oh yes, certainly, and a *reason*, I think, for Herr Mozart's failure to co-ordinate his two levels of musical creation is that he just simply has *not* done his essential musical study. As you mentioned, or rather implied, Elfrisptha, Italian has to serve as emergency Spanish."

"He! He! He!"

"And I might remark in passing, *à propos* of what you said about the *milieu*, that I wasn't exactly *épris* with the boring Nancy Mitford social setting which Herr Mozart asks us to snobbishly admire."

"But in some scenes Herr Mozart gave us *lots* of peasants. He! He!"

"For the bourgeois element to patronize . . . I looked *in vain* for an urban worker. Ha! Ha! Ha! Perhaps I'm being too serious . . ."

"Well, thank you, Elfrisptha and Sandy, and MacWirther. We haven't heard anything from you, Clixon?"

"Well, here's my point: What I couldn't help asking myself all the time was why, if Herr Mozart did not tell the story in the Spanish it cries out for, he didn't tell it in his own German in which he'd at least have felt at home? As it was it was neither one thing nor the other. It was as though I had run the Festival of Britain in French. That was your serenade-point, Remorce-Bruce, wasn't it?"

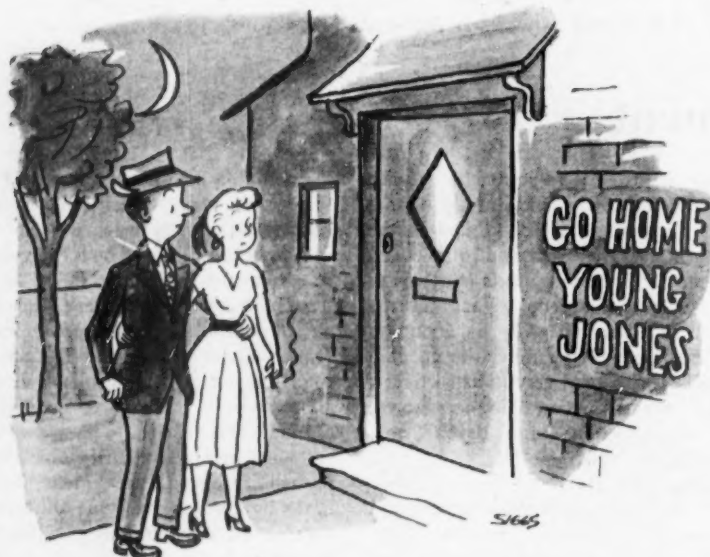
"Yes, and I'm grateful for support. Ha! Ha! Ha!"

"He! He! He!"

"MacWirther?"

"Some of it struck me as witty. Didn't you feel that, Sandy?"

"No no no no no. Not one of those positively *rusty* old cracks raised



the beginning of a smile with *me*. Elfrisptha?"

"Well, Sandy, you remember my mentioning the servant's song in Act One. I'm afraid I'm quite past comic servants myself. The audience rocked, but I'm afraid I had no alternative but to sit stonily throughout it. The singing statue did succeed in tickling me, but I had this uncomfortable feeling that it didn't tickle Herr Mozart."

"Well, we ought to be winding—yes, Clixon?"

"I'd like to make just one point before we stop. Just this: that Herr Mozart has perhaps failed to make his impact because he has chosen the wrong vehicle for the ideas with which he is dealing. In the operatic medium he is handicapped by being unable to give any definitive consideration to the very striking psychological implications of his theme, that of the outraged father-figure, and the love-hate-wish-repulsion-psychosis implicit in the predicament of his heroine. The whole time I was sitting through this—very often enjoyable, I maintain with MacWirther—opera I could not help reflecting how much more effectively the whole thing would have been conveyed in a Third Programme Talk. How do you feel about it, MacWirther?"

"I agree, and I think that's a very constructive suggestion."

"And do you agree, Elfrisptha?"

"Entirely! And you, Sandy?"

"Oh *absolutely*! I think we have really passed beyond this kind of resuscitation effort, this refurbishing of old stories, altogether. Incidentally, the exhibition of three-dimensional coloured photographs of Spain now showing at the Gadarene Galleries really *does* give you an idea of the beauty of the Spanish scene such as I looked for again and again and *in vain* in Herr Mozart's work."

"Well, I'm afraid we must stop there, Sandy. We come to the conclusion that *Don Giovanni* has points but does not come up to expectations and we would have preferred a talk. The Critics will be back at the usual time next Sunday, and all subsequent Sundays till the end of the world, talking the usual bunkum in the usual jargon about things which, whether usual or not, they will always endeavour to make appear as far beneath them as possible."

In Retirement

For Sir Max Beerbohm on his birthday



MAX with his pen, his pencil and his wit
Transfixed the follies of an earlier day
That earned the mockeries he accorded it
By being just as elegant as they.

Long since, our failings, not now gay but silly,
Our faults, less *sympathique*, more merely shallow,
Have sent him from *déclassé* Piccadilly
To half-life-long retirement in Rapallo.

For only giants may fitly spar with giants,
And giants are what this generation lacks.
Scorning the bogus gains of art and science
De niminy-piminis non curat MAX.

B. A. Y.

Dhwanivayakayantra Me

By D. F. KARAKA

BOMBAY
RECENTLY the Speaker of the Indian Parliament decided that the House of the People would henceforth be called "Lok Sabha." It was felt that a proper Sanskrit name was more in keeping with the dignity of this premier legislative assembly of India. The announcement was greeted in and out of Parliament with fitting applause. The Speaker of the House of the People will thus be known as the Speaker of the Lok Sabha.

Since Independence there has been a growing movement towards Sanskritization. Indians, freed of the British yoke, do not want to be dependent on the English language. They must either use old Sanskrit words or coin a new ersatz Sanskrit vocabulary. India must revert to its pristine glory.

Erudite pundits have been working on this idea in Nagpur, Central India. Their guiding spirit is a Doctor of Philosophy of a German University who devotes his time entirely to research into dead Sanskrit. Each time the learned doctor comes across a good Sanskrit word to replace an English word or expression frequently used in India there is great rejoicing among the national-minded pundits. The school is being given the same high priority as the Atomic Energy Commission in America.

One of the earlier discoveries was dhwanivayakayantra, the new Sanskrit word for telephone. Literally it means "voice carrying machine." The new word is not yet in current usage in India because Indians, still largely influenced by slick talk in American films, continue to use such foreign expressions as "Give me a buzz next week." They will, however, now be expected to use the more dignified expression, "Give me a dhwanivayakayantra call next week."



Another word recently coined is "kanthlangot." It is intended to replace the banal "neck-tie." The Indian scholars say that if Indians must continue to wear these foreign contraptions, at least a respectable Sanskrit name should be found for them.

With the Five Year Plan as the main preoccupation of the Indian Government for the last seven years, it was obvious to the Hindi scholars that travel and transport were most essential to India's future. In this department, Communications and Railways, the word most frequently used is "railway signal." It was derogatory to India's prestige that when Indians could run a whole network of railways on this sub-continent without the aid of foreigners they could find no better word for the "Stop and Go" contraption than "railway signal."

After weeks of research, the Indian scholars produced the Sanskrit equivalent: Agnirathagamanagamanpathanidharshakbhayasuchakthambradhawallohapattika. This seventy-letter word, when dissected, makes sense. Agniratha is a vehicle run on fire; gamanagaman is the rhythm of the wheels, as in Chattanooga Choo Choo; pathanidhar-

shak is a pathfinder; bhayasuchak is indicator of danger; thambradhawallohapattika is copper wire, miles of it. The whole thing put together like a set of building bricks works like a railway signal.

Other words requiring immediate attention under the Five Year Plan were electricity and aeroplane. Electricity becomes vidhuchchakki—the chch being thrown in to indicate shock. Aeroplane becomes vayuvimana.

Of course, India is all out for peace, but our scholars have provided for an emergency. A fighter or bomber, which may have to be imported from the United Kingdom, will on arrival here be known by the more national name as yuddhavayuvimana. The fighter-bomber's Sanskrit name incorporates that of the aeroplane. So it is really quite scientifically translated into Sanskrit.

Other Sanskrit words recently brought into fashion are: Senapati for the Commander-in-chief of the Army; Jalasenapati for the Naval Commander-in-Chief; and Vayusenapati for the Marshal of the Air Force. Education in India will in future be received not at a university but at a vishwavidyalaya.

The research continues.

Zoological Truces

Based on red-hot news from Regent's Park

THE dreamers have dreamed through the ages,

Although it has not come to pass,
That lion and wether
Would lie down together
In lands where no enmity rages,
And both, I imagine, eat grass.

Yet it seems a Brazilian titi,
And a kind of a rat Kangaroo,
And a douroucoul
In no way unruly
Have made a provisional treaty
And are sharing a cage at the Zoo.

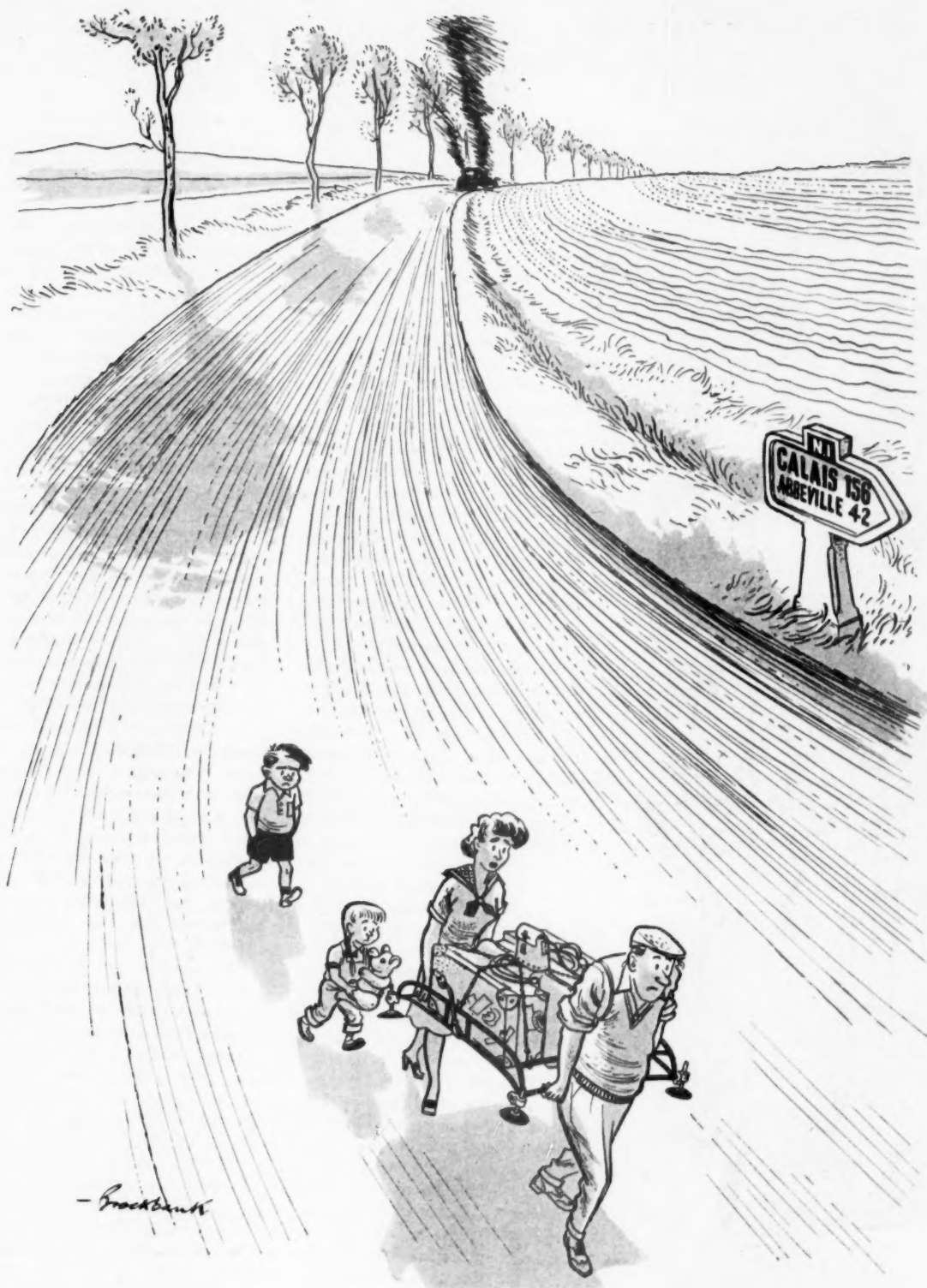
Four tenrecs (which come from Mauritius),
Imbibing our alien air
Repose in their beauty
Beside an agouti
And (this is extremely auspicious)
With three marmosets and a hare.

And again—and no doubt in defiance
Of all that is known of them both
A wise armadillo
Has joined in a philosophical pact of alliance
With a somewhat recalcitrant sloth.

One perhaps may be pardoned for finding
Without any semblance of mirth
On most of these creatures
The affable features
Through tortuous congresses winding
Of statesmen all over the earth.

The wolf pack is howling for plunder,
The tiger continues to blaze
But still federations
Exist among nations
Arousing unspeakable wonder
In students of animal ways.

EVOE



The Journal of Edwin Carp

January 17th, 1936

ON arriving home this afternoon I found, awaiting me, a potted plant from Floyd's Garden Nursery. The accompanying note was from Miss Throbbitt, the pianoforte teacher. In it she further apologized for her recent depredations in the front garden (she had stepped on one of my "alpines"), and trusted that the attached would be a suitable replacement.

I am truly delighted. It is a small, but sturdy, specimen of the *Dryas Octopetala*, or Creeping Wood Nymph.



"To avoid completely losing my temper I hurried upstairs to change."

Edited by
RICHARD HAYDN

January 22nd

Twelve years ago to-day Maude's husband, Mr. Frederick T. Phelps, passed into limbo. I regret to say that the anniversary had completely slipped my memory. When Maude called for me this morning, suitably dressed for our annual visit to the cemetery, I was gardening. She arrived to find me, on my kneeling mat, preparing to plant the Creeping Wood Nymph. That she was irritated by my forgetfulness, and justifiably so, was apparent immediately. However, her patent annoyance with Miss Throbbitt's gift I could not justify until later. Her deprecatory remarks (she called it a weed) seemed, at the time, unaccountable.

Her son Harrison was with her. He was wearing roller skates, which, in view of the solemn occasion, struck me as inappropriate. I mentioned this to Maude, whereupon, with a terse remark to the effect that she was perfectly capable of raising her own child, she brushed past me and entered the house to visit my Mother. This too surprised me for, unless it is unavoidable, social intercourse with her Mother-in-law-to-be is not one of Maude's customs.

No sooner were we alone than Harrison began to skate on the lawn. Owing to the resilience of the turf I could see that this afforded him little pleasure. I therefore remonstrated with him, but, in spite of my carefully chosen words, he continued his vandalism. To avoid completely losing my temper I hurried upstairs to change.

It was while donning my black suit that I was struck by a possible explanation for Maude's odd behaviour. It occurred to me that perhaps Maude was jealous of Miss Throbbitt's gift to me. So

invigorated was I by this flattering thought that I inadvertently put on my pale blue tie (a gift from Mother and hitherto unworn) and hurried downstairs.

Maude was shouting at my Mother in the drawing room when I joined them.

I was about to suggest to Maude that, although aurally afflicted, conversation with my parent could be achieved with much less volume, when I remembered that I had forgotten to buy new batteries for Mother's hearing aid. I apologized for my omission to them both. Mother, of course, did not hear me and Maude, with the same terse inflection she had used earlier, remarked, "Forgetfulness seems to be your middle name." She then inquired if it was my intention "to wear that tie to the cemetery?" Naturally I hurried upstairs and changed the offending neckwear for one more in keeping with the sad pilgrimage ahead. While so doing I evolved a plan. A plan which, I hoped, would prove to Maude that her jealousy—if such it was—had no foundation. Descending the stairs and after hurriedly writing "Good-bye" on a notepad which I handed to Mother, I rejoined Maude in the front garden. She was watching Harrison's skating prowess with considerable pride and complete disregard for the havoc it was creating with my small lawn. I dissembled bravely and commenced putting my little plan into commission. I will try to recall the conversation that ensued. I remember I spoke first.

"It occurs to me, my dear Maude," I said, "that perhaps the *Dryas Octopetala* would make an ideal adornment for poor Fred's resting place."

Maude looked a little startled and said "I beg your pardon?" I indicated the plant on which she was standing. She coloured charmingly. "Edwin," she said, "you mean you don't want it?"

Picking up the broken pot, I looked from it to her. "You must not think me unappreciative of Miss Throbbitt's thoughtfulness," I replied.

Maude placed her gloved hand on my arm. "And you'd really give that beautiful bush to dear Fred?" she asked.

I looked deep into her eyes as I answered her question. "It holds no value for me," I whispered. "Either commercial or sentimental."

That we were both tremendously moved by this verbal byplay was obvious from the pregnant silence which followed.

It was raining when we reached the cemetery. In spite of this Maude was in high spirits. Even at the graveside she made light of the fact that, since our visit a year before, her husband's headstone had listed considerably. Her enthusiasm over my sacrifice of Miss T.'s Creeping Wood Nymph was most gratifying. The plant is by no means the "beautiful bush" that Maude insists on calling it, but it has two sturdy leaves and will, I trust, eventually cover poor Fred's resting place completely. I planted it, at Maude's direction, immediately over the spot where she imagined Fred's heart to be. It was during this operation that I snapped the large blade of my pocket-knife. I was most annoyed. Being a gift from The Sons of Temperance (Group II), it has great sentimental value. However, the small blade is still in working order, as is the implement for removing stones from horses' hoofs.

January 28th

Mr. Murke has presented me with tickets for a theatrical presentation. Neither Maude nor myself can be described as inveterate theatre-goers, but, once a year, on the occasion of her natal day, we do indulge in this form of entertainment. By some fortuitous chance, the date of the performance coincides with Maude's fortieth birthday—the 20th February.

Our mutual preference is for some musical type of production in which romantic and comic songs abound. However, since Harrison has been of an age to accompany us, we sometimes cater to his taste, which, as in all young people, leans toward the mysterious or bloodthirsty.

Not being a student of the drama, I have not heard of the play we are to see. Murke tells me that it is a "revival." This I understand is theatrical jargon and means that the piece has been acted at some previous date. Without, I hope, appearing unappreciative of his kindness I inquired if this particular play had a good story. He assured me

that it would make me "sit up." From the title I imagine he is quite right, although it suggests that perhaps it will be more to Harrison's taste than his mother's or mine. But the tickets are free and we are all looking forward to a jolly evening and our full quota of thrills. The play is called *Ghosts*.

January 29th

Man is the hunter. Woman the hunted. Since the beginning of time this law has been irrevocable. Although modern civilization has expunged barbarity, The Chase still goes on. To-day, subjugation of the beloved may be achieved with a poem rather than a pike; but, beneath the flimsy habiliments of convention, the only uniform Society will countenance, there lurks in every man a primitive monster. I speak from experience. However, unlike some of my less fortunate brothers, I have a weapon with which to combat this savage beast. That weapon is Self Control.

The foregoing is the result of my restless musings since leaving Maude's house this evening. Although we are in the ninth year of our betrothal, our moments alone together are precious to us both and occur far too infrequently. The upbringing of her son Harrison demands a great deal of Maude, although not as much as my Mother's ill health demands of me. Only twice, since Maude consented to be my wife, have I broached the subject of my marriage to Mother. On the first occasion she lost consciousness immediately, and even the expert ministrations of Dr. Triggs took two hours to revive her. The second occasion was on Good Friday of last year. Maude had joined us for tea, which we were enjoying by the rockery in our modest garden. Before commencing the short speech I had prepared, I waited until Mother had consumed three Hot Cross Buns. She is very partial to them and, I have noticed, is invariably good humoured after such a *bonne bouche*. Such was not



"A crumb became trapped in her glottis . . ."

the case that day. Hardly had I mentioned the word "marriage," before a crumb became trapped in her glottis. Maude, by striking her repeatedly on the back, finally managed to dislodge the obstruction, but during the process my poor Mother's countenance turned an almost gentian blue.

To recall what followed distresses me even now. Suffice to say that Mother took to her bed for five days. Doctor Triggs diagnosed her indisposition as nervous shock, in conjunction with an overlaid œsophagus.

Whenever Maude performs her piano arrangement of selections from Grieg, as she did to-night, she invariably plays "The Death of Ase" at least twice and with considerable relish. I wonder whether, in view of Ase being the hero's mother, this has any significance?

"KISSING AND CUDDLING UPSETS VICAR"
Dorset Daily Echo

Better give it up.

I Am a Chimera : a play by J. MACLAREN-ROSS

Based on the work of Chrstph^r Ish^{rw}dd

Scene: Herr Issyvoos cell in a Quaker High Camp in Pennsylvania.

Time: The Future—as far removed as possible.

Curtain rises on HERR ISSYVOO typing in bed—a camp bed, of course. The floor all around is littered with crumpled pieces of discarded MS.

HERR ISSYVOO: I don't know—the way they talk—it doesn't exactly—I ought to wander off, a little—Wait a minute though: how would it be if—? (ripping sheet from typewriter). No—this isn't the way to begin a play, with the hero alone on stage, muttering to himself. It's too weak—even for a truly Weak Hero. Still, I must start somehow—I've been here

fifteen years and the only book I wrote during that whole time got mostly bad reviews. (An idea strikes him.) Why shouldn't I adapt Mr. Norris for the theatre, with lots of saucy bits stuck in—about bosoms and things? A comedy of the Roaring 'Thirties: the public'd lap it up. But I suppose Aunt Sarah wouldn't really approve—she might even say "My lands" again. Oh well—let's see what Elizabeth's been writing.

(Gets out of bed and crosses to a stack of MS. on table LEFT. As he picks up a page and frowns at it, ELIZABETH RYDAL enters quietly behind him.)

ELIZABETH (with deep understanding): Hello, darling.

HERR ISSYVOO: Oh, hello, Elizabeth darling.

ELIZABETH (gravely): I suppose I'm being terribly female and psychological again, and you always make such fun of my intuitions, but—are you unhappy or worried about anything?

HERR ISSYVOO: Well—these sentences, perhaps . . . they seem a bit—(reading aloud) "Her tone crossed its heart, kissed a dozen testaments." And this—"Am I a fearful cad?" she'd often asked herself, looking round some quite grand restaurant." I mean, it's not really Low Camp, is it—let alone High.

ELIZABETH (gently): I don't want to hurt you, darling, goodness knows—please forgive your silly old Liz, but . . .

HERR ISSYVOO: But what?

ELIZABETH: I didn't write that. It's from your own second novel, *The Memorial*—some of your old MSS. must have got mixed up with mine.

HERR ISSYVOO (angrily): Really? Oh well, come to that, some of your stuff isn't so hot either—even if I do write it for you.

ELIZABETH: That's just it, darling. Oh, you're so wonderfully sweet and understanding, but . . . Why shouldn't we face the simplest facts of Nature? Some readers, my dearest, are going to find me a bit of a bore. Oh, I don't blame them—I bore myself quite often . . . (with quiet dignity, as HERR ISSYVOO is about to interrupt) No, let me finish, darling, please. Let's be quite, quite frank with each other. You see, it's different for you—you created me. But the critics and the public may not . . . well, be quite so thrilled.

HERR ISSYVOO: The hell with them. Without you, I'm lost. As a Truly Weak Man I must cling to your strength.

ELIZABETH (taking him in her arms and locking searchingly into his eyes): Try to need me less, my dearest. I fully intend to die some day, and what will become of you then?

HERR ISSYVOO: Oh, I'll read your letters and write a book about you I expect. (Relapsing disgustingly into American) I guess this dialogue's





"Certainly underlines the case for an alternative programme, doesn't it?"

getting pretty corny—times I wonder if Aunt Sarah's is the right *ambiance* for a writer after all. Maybe a shot of the Silence'd be better right now.

(The CAMP DOCTOR erupts heartily into cell.)

CAMP DOCTOR: Hey, what's with you both? Doubts? That'll never do, Brother—I reckoned we'd gotten past this phase . . .

HERR ISSYVOO (*defiantly*): Gauleiter, solidarity, démarche, dialectic, Gleichschaltung, infiltration, Anschluss, realism, tranche, cadre! (*stopping shamefacedly*) Sorry, Charles, if I seemed to blow my top. Just some of my favourite words from the *Pink Decade* . . .

ELIZABETH (*with sudden weariness*): I must be alone now. No, don't try to stop me . . . (*nobody has tried*). My novel's getting restless—it needs a change of air.

(She picks up typewriter and goes out sadly.)

CAMP DOCTOR: Chris, she's got me

worried. Those letters she's been writing to Mary—well, maybe it's being personal, but . . .

HERR ISSYVOO: Oh, I've got round that problem okay, Charles. You see, in the end I say that she perhaps wasn't a first-class writer after all, so I'm covered either way—get it?

CAMP DOCTOR: Sure. But kidding aside, Chris, you got to take a pull at yourself. You're no longer a convenient ventriloquist's dummy—an orphan of the jazz-age . . . Remember what I told you one time? About Quaker Camp?

HERR ISSYVOO (*repeating, slowly*): "Quaker Camp doesn't exist yet. Some tremendous genius will have to arise and create it." (*Grasping the implication*) Charles! D'you mean that I . . .?

CAMP DOCTOR: Who else?

HERR ISSYVOO: No! I'm a cartoonist, not a painter in oils. I'd get lost forever in the blizzard and the ice.

CAMP DOCTOR: Not if you meditate on

the word "Camp"—until you feel it intuitively. (*Slapping HERR ISSYVOO on the shoulder*) Quit being classically schizoid, Brother, and you'll pass the Test at last . . . And now I'll be on my way—the new Camp Commandant's coming right over any moment, and besides I hear Bob barking for his dinner.

HERR ISSYVOO: He still the pooch Picasso—the tyke Toulouse-Lautrec?

CAMP DOCTOR: Brother, you're not kidding.

(He exits. The barking of BOB WOOD can now be heard fading gradually, off—mercifully he does not appear.)

HERR ISSYVOO, left alone, paces up and down excitedly.)

HERR ISSYVOO: I'll do it! This time I'll pass the Test! I'll become compassionate and wise—the greatest exponent of the whole Freud-developed modern school of Psycho-Camp since Dostoevsky! Wait a minute, though. (*He shudders*) It's a solemn thought. A breath off the

glacier, icy with the inhuman coldness of the peaks, touches my cheek . . .

(AUNT SARAH's footsteps scutter past, outside. Her voice can be heard, exclaiming "My lands," "Mercy," "Gracious," etc. HERR ISSYVOO shrinks in alarm, but happily she does not enter. Instead, the new Camp Commandant—BARON VON PREGNITZ—appears in the doorway wearing full Quaker-Scout dress-uniform.)

BARON (saluting awkwardly): Hail, Quaker-Camper!

HERR ISSYVOO (returning salute): High Quaker-Camp, all hail! (Smiling) Hello, Kuno. I thought you were dead.

BARON (coughing coyly): Excuse me, no. Some mistake, I beg your pardon. Now I have this post under the new administration I thought perhaps I could do something to help you—some books to read? *Winnie the Pooh*, by A. A. Milne . . .

HERR ISSYVOO (smiling): . . . *The Seven Who Got Lost*, *Billy the Castaway* . . .

BARON: So you remember? I, also. Memories are the most precious things we have . . . But here we are happier, do you not find?

HERR ISSYVOO: Are you happier, Kuno?

BARON: Please? Of course I am happy. Don't you see? My dream—the deserted island. It is here! But exactly . . .

HERR ISSYVOO (with sudden bitterness): Kuno, you're right. That's just what it is—a desert island . . .

BARON (astonished): Excuse me, you are not happy?

(Before HERR ISSYVOO can reply, MR. NORRIS enters in great agitation, his wig askew.)

MR. NORRIS: Christopher! My dear

boy, this is indeed a happy reunion. And Kuno! I really must embrace you both.

HERR ISSYVOO } (in chorus): Arthur!
BARON }

(All embrace and execute capers, singing "Happy Days Are Here Again.")

MR. NORRIS (disengaging himself and adjusting his wig): I must say, when I arrived here to seek refuge from the monster Schmidt, I never expected to find such congenial company! Well, well—we live in stirring times . . .

HERR ISSYVOO: Tea-stirring times?

MR. NORRIS: Ha ha. I see you recall my little jest, dear boy—and naturally you have seldom been absent from my thoughts . . .

HERR ISSYVOO: Or you from mine. Arthur, I've decided! Listen—you too, Kuno—I'm going to quit all this Quaker Camp and write a play about all of us . . . (with mounting enthusiasm) And I shall call it—*The Last of Mr. Norris!* No—wait a moment. *The Very Last of Mr. Norris!* Why, it ought to make a fortune!

MR. NORRIS: Well, I must confess, my dear boy, that sounds a most refreshing possibility—even if the title strikes a faintly funeral note . . .

(SALLY BOWLES rushes in, heavily made-up as a successful journalist.)

SALLY: Herr Issyvoov? I'm from *The Sunday Onlooker*. We're running a new series, "Type-Figures of the 'Thirties," and I wondered if you'd be an angel and pose for us? Last week we did Marlene Dietrich and next week it's Philip Toynbee . . .

HERR ISSYVOO (smiling): Darling Sally, of course I will.

SALLY: Oh, Chris darling, I never thought you'd see through all this disguise . . . But you always see through me, don't you Chris?

HERR ISSYVOO: Always, Sally. (He smiles fondly.)

(They embrace. BARON clicks his heels; MR. NORRIS raises his wig ceremoniously.)

HERR ISSYVOO: I'm so happy now, I can forgive everything!

BARON: Please, what?

HERR ISSYVOO: What? Why—this! The Quakers, High Camp, everything. I forgive everybody! I'll even forgive myself!

MR. NORRIS (sotto voce): There, dear boy, you may find you're in a minority of one.

CURTAIN

Channel Zone Occupied

WHY are the narrow seas so full of struggling Egyptians

And England's lonely foreshores littered with exhausted Turks?

What has the Channel done to their haughty Levantine humour,

That they feel themselves so driven to come and give it the works?

Why, when the seas Love sprang from are wide and warm for them to swim in,

Must they wallow in the wild grey waters off Cap Gris Nez instead?

Why, instead of crawling ashore to the colourful amenities of Alex,

Must they battle for Beachy Head?

Celts are accustomed to the cold and used to the fury of the ocean;

Finns have natural forces they are practically powerless to expend:

But neither go greasing themselves, and putting on rubber goggles,

And drifting in tidal waters for sixteen hours on end.

So why should the sleek Egyptians, who are widely and rightly regarded

As hopelessly helpless on skis and incapable of scoring goals,

Leave the sands and the sun and the Pharaoh's original flesh-pots

And take to the Channel in shoals?

There seems to me to be something slightly sinister about it,

Like seeing a hippo in the Humber or a crocodile in the Clyde,

Enormous sun-stained creatures, oily in the northern waters,

Heading with perverse persistence for the cloudier and colder side.

Planes are being stopped by seagulls: and passengers, conscious of the danger,

May turn from air-borne travel to earlier and safer ways,

Only to find their ships delayed and occasionally dented

By a barrier of tidal beys.

P. M. HUBBARD



ROY DAVIS



A plan for a television set to take full advantage of possible alternative programmes without causing disharmony in the home.

The Unterrible Turk

By LORD KINROSS



FIVE years or so ago the Turks decided upon two things: to be nice to foreigners and to become a Democracy. After their fashion they are still doing both.

The Syrian frontier official, in his pyjamas, was nice to us with a smile. The Turkish frontier official, in a faded grey uniform with a star on his chest, was nice to us without one. The Turks are not smilers, but frowners and laughers, and when he had frowned at us long enough he laughed at us, loudly.

We were very soon made to feel at home. Driving on, we came upon a Beauty Spot, and here a Saturday afternoon crowd was picnicking solemnly in its braces. It was a place beneath patriarchal trees, known to fashionable Romans as Daphne, where a hundred old-fashioned, haphazard waterfalls were being sensibly canalized, with turbines and concrete, for hydro-electrical purposes. We bought drinks—out of sight of the road, since the café had no licence—and, still feeling at home, drove into Antioch. Next day, with all the shops shut, might have been an English Sunday—except that all were wearing their Sunday best. But the sour-milk bars were luckily open.

Some days later we felt less at home when arrested, on a classical site, by a gendarme with a machine-gun and severely interrogated by a corporal in his underpants. The fault however was scarcely theirs. Each night the towns of Asia Minor ring with gunfire, to the initial alarm of the traveller. It comes

however from the open-air *Sinema*, where he may sit, as at home, watching films of violence; and in every film the villain is still some foreigner, a Russian or Greek or Italian or other such Enemy of the State. The conditioning of the corporal was thus pre-NATO, and he was at fault only in removing his trousers. All the same, the better class of cabaret girl from the West, one of the blessings now following NATO to Smyrna, carries with her, to the Turk, a faint soupçon of espionage.

Meanwhile we were making ourselves at home in Anatolian hotels, where the beds are three to a room, and the traveller must hire all three—at two shillings apiece—if he wants to sleep alone. There are upright chairs, as well as beds, and his breakfast is disposed on the three of them as it arrives at intervals from various shops outside—coffee from one, bread from another, milk and butter and jam from a third. Division, not only of commerce but of labour, survives from the rigid trade unionism of the Turkish mediæval welfare state, and only a shoeblack in the street may clean the traveller's shoes. But he can, if he is so unconventional as to shave himself, do so in a toilet on the landing, spotlessly clean, tears starting to his eyes from the fumes of the latest disinfectant.

Travelling around the country, despite the absence of current railway time-tables, presents few obstacles—even of language. The traveller proceeds to the *istasyon*, buys his *bilet*, boards a *tren*, and settles down in his *vagonli* to read the *futbol* news. On board is a *biife*

which provides good *servis*. Water may be bought, if preferred, on the platforms, where the sign of a crossed knife-and-fork shows where a meal may be obtained, and that of an envelope where a letter may be posted.

Turks are nice to us as we travel, asking such questions as why the United Nations don't drop the hydrogen bomb on Moscow, *now*; why Britain doesn't at once occupy France and Italy, their armies, compared to that of the Turks, being so ineffective; or which is the greatest English writer, Shakespeare or Shaw. One, commenting on the former, remarked:

"I like very much his play *Stormy Night*."

"*Stormy Night*?"

"Yes, when Ferdinand want Miranda."

"Oh yes, it is very fine."

"But of all I like best *The Omlet*. That is his finest."

Shakespeare plays are given annually in Turkish in a skyscraper of a Roman theatre at Belkis, together with wrestling bouts in the *Greco-Roman* style.

Everywhere not only are Turks nice to us but we find Democracy—Turkish Democracy. This is modelled, electorally, on a French constitution of 1878, a system of unproportional representation which made it easy for Atatürk to maintain a one-party State and is now making it as easy for his Opposition, the Democrat Party, to do so. In 1950 the People were first introduced to a new game of chance called Vote-as-you-Please. They voted in the Democrats with a huge majority. This year they

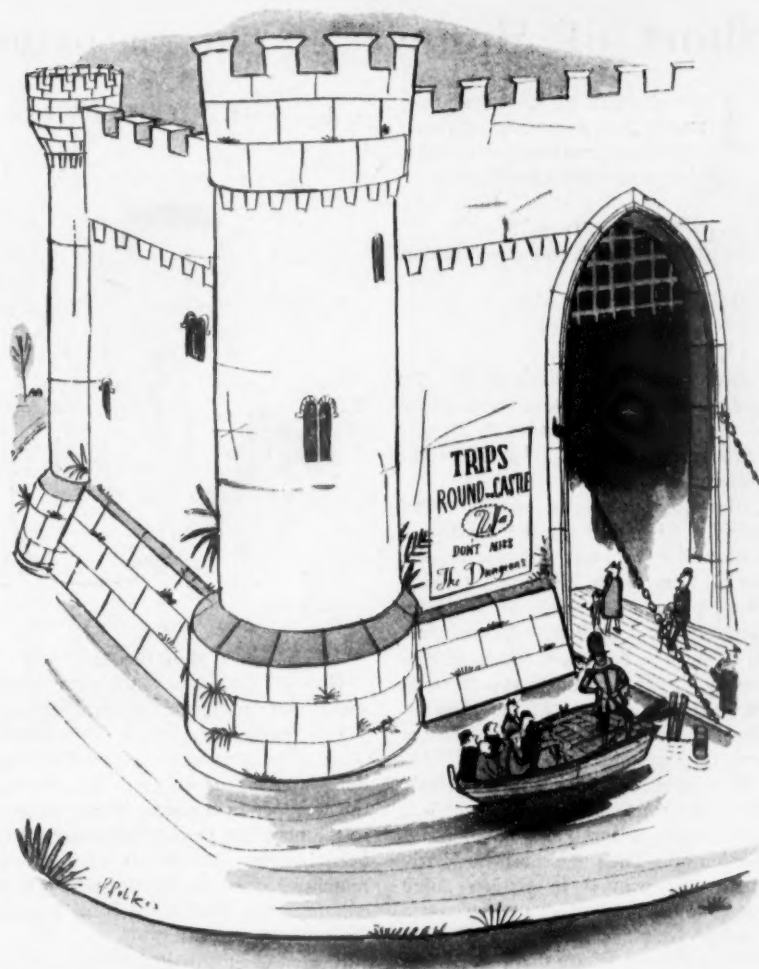


voted them back with a huger one. The result suits the People, who have the one-party habit and are faintly bored at the idea of an effective opposition—anyway for the present.

The policy of Atatürk's party, say the People—a shade ungratefully—was to give the People hell. The policy of the Democrat Party is to keep the People sweet. Turkish Democracy, backed by American dollars, means Capitalism for All—or at least for all the peasants. Loaded with tractors, fertilizers, subsidies, loans and tax exemptions—the stuff of democracy—they are plutocrats in embryo. Tractors go joy-riding across the plateau, with their families packed into trailers behind. Where the Meander meanders towards the Aegean, saloon-jeps stand parked outside mud homes. Inside each stands, proudly displayed, an electric washing-machine and an electric refrigerator, which, in the absence of electricity, is fitted with lock and key, and used as a safe for the storage of gold and notes.

The Common Turk, thanks to Democracy, has achieved once more the Midas touch. The peasant of Lydia flaunts golden teeth in his mouth and necklaces and stomachers of golden sovereigns around the torso of his wife. Turks take pleasure in advertisements as a form of decoration for streets and interiors; and now most of the advertisements advertise banks. Striking, colourful posters depict the joys of investment. The banks themselves have shop-windows, dressed by experts, lit with the latest fluorescent lighting, displaying the lottery prizes the Turk stands to win, with each substantial sum invested.

Only a wardrobe still has no place in the Turkish peasant's ideal home. The Turks, to-day no peacocks, are probably the worst-dressed member-state of NATO. Atatürk, in abolishing the fez, condemned them, in the interests of modernity, to a permanently old-fashioned look. For the tweed cloth cap which took its place was a transitory Western fashion, and now gives them the aspect of English miners during the inter-war depression. Moreover, the fashionable preference is for a jacket of tweed rags, sewn together in a patchwork of eccentric design: jodhpurs unbuttoned at the ankles, for breeches; and gym-shoes or rubber shoes with imitation laces, for boots. Only the



village schoolmaster, symbol as he is of Western culture, will occasionally aspire to be a dandy, parading in a smart silk pyjama jacket, Glen Urquhart tweed trousers, and perforated suede shoes.

But fashions in Turkey are fraught with danger. Ugly rumours reach the traveller that in Diyarbakir young dandies are strutting through the streets wearing trousers with loose, baggy seats—those very seats which Atatürk's police used to cut out ruthlessly, there and then, with scissors. Such are the perils of reaction which Democracy brings.

Worse may follow. Emulating Atatürk, Turks are clean-shaven—or as clean-shaven as an inherited reluctance to shave will allow. The Hitler moustache, once popular, is now reduced to a

mere vestigial smudge beneath the nose. But the extent of Democracy in Turkey varies in inverse ratio to the extent of the hair on Turkish faces. Hence it was disquieting to hear a political acquaintance whisper darkly: "In Afyon Karahissar, they say the men are growing beards!"

Best Laid Plans . . .

"After efforts spread over a number of months the Relief and Rehabilitation Department of the Government was able to find suitable grooms for two of the girls. One girl was married three months ago and is now leading a happy life with her husband in the Naini Talterai colonization area. The other bridegroom was unfortunately eaten by a tiger."—*The Statesman*

Short of Money?

I ENCLOSE P.O. VALUE THREE AND SIXPENCE. PLEASE SEND YOUR INSTRUCTIONS FOR MAKING MONEY. Please send more money first.

The Star Turns Red

In painting the art-collector is hunted by:

- (1) painters
- (2) art critics
- (3) art dealers

It does not matter which catches him first. The rest all have a share, which in the case of the dealer is usually limited to 33 per cent. This is how the collector is caught:

First find a Belgian painter called *Muchi*. "He draws," the critic will write, "like *Pasta* but with the tenuous line of *Yvan Smerz* enlivening a vision which owes not a little to *Matruba*, *Rembrandt* and *Spolian*. Nevertheless his colour has the violent energy of *Van Gogh*, whilst at the same time preserving the pristine innocence of the Walloon school of realist antiphonists. *Muchi* is very, very good."

Now publish a book entitled *Muchi and Picasso: a Tribute*. The cover is a reproduction from Picasso's popular Blue Period. There is a seven-hundred-word essay printed in sixteen point type, PROVING MUCHI IS BETTER THAN PICASSO. Now arrange at your discreet gallery off Bond Street the first *Muchi* exhibition. All paintings on show are illustrated in *Muchi and Picasso*. Frames are by Pinctus Manqué, with plush mounts, platinum backs, and recessed lights.

Quickly the stars appear on the quarter-plate glass over the gouache-stained brown paper. The stars are all red.



"I wish he wouldn't do that."

TRY THE FOLLOWING SIMPLE RECIPES

By WOLF MANKOWITZ



Aren't Men Beasts?

One of the easiest ways to make money out of sex is by publishing.

First print wrappers in six colours. They show girls with legs six feet long doing up their suspenders. Next enclose the wrapper in a purple plastic binder so the book can be read only after it has been bought. Inside the wrapper are remaindered copies of the pulp-paper edition of the *Book of Moron*. Buyers pay no extra for this.

Related to this method is the:

ART SUPPLEMENT

This is a folder of attractive nudes issued free with every copy of Wilkins' *Short History of Phlebitis in Fleas*—the International Book Club Selection for six successive months.

Drop Dead, Partner

There is a good market for new parlour games, providing they reflect the world we live in. Try the following out on your neighbours; then offer to B.B.C. per M. Winnick, their agent.

WHAT'S YOUR DISEASE?

A panel of distinguished lepers tries to find out what you will die of.

MAN OR MONSTER?

You try to establish while blindfolded the identity of the strange intruder whose tentacles are round your throat.

REDFRONTS AND GREENBACKS

You compete to exchange counterfeit roubles and dollars for gold pounds.

CONSEQUENCES

An atomic competition.

MONOTONY

A card, counter, dice, board, mascot and building game which lasts for seventeen weeks.

These games are for amusement if possible.

Never Curse Verse

Compare the following passages:

- (1) Gurgle and purling, o you blameless heart thudding as bud breaks aching into light night woken, time teetering new-born life.
- (2) Bubbling, brook-clear, o you, spangled liquor, thicker than blood beats into skull the gay great time delights with Marjoribanks Invalid Wine.

For (1) Dai ap Divan was paid 10/6 by *Poetry Infinitely*.

For (2) Dai ap Divan was paid 3 gns. by Miss Honor Marjoribanks: this represents a five hundred per cent increase at no loss to the quality of the Day-bed of Welsh Poetry.

Let Your Legs Support You

To become a success in musical comedy it is not necessary to be musical or comic.

What you really need is at least two very fine legs. To begin with you simply waggle these legs at old men fighting to get into the front row.

In no time you are an artiste and can sing with your legs.

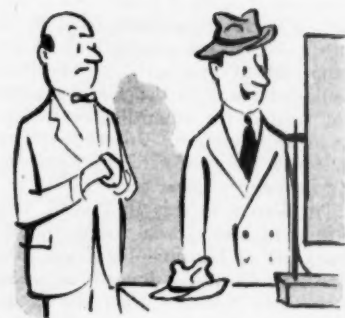
At this point you become a star. Everything about you is developed except your accent, so you learn American and re-create your personality by keeping a French poodle and shaving half your hair off.

You now make money. You spend the summer in Cannes, the winter in the latest Broadway hit, *Club Me Josie*, and springtime in Carey Street.

Flesh Wound

"Pheasant and partridge shoot to be let for the forthcoming season... Keeper reports best hatching season for many years. Lightly shot last year."

Advertisement in Daily Telegraph





BOOKING OFFICE

The Duke

My Dear Mrs. Jones : The Letters of the First Duke of Wellington to Mrs. Jones of Pantglas. *The Rodale Press, 5/-*

IT is one of the few encouraging facts of history that a man with the particular personal failings of Napoleon Bonaparte should have been finally and thoroughly defeated by a man with the particular personal qualities of the Duke of Wellington. Setting aside the vast political matters at issue, the two figures are admirably contrasted; a sense of duty, respect for established institutions, and an admirably dry wit triumphing over a lust for power, moral irresponsibility and a taste for vulgar stage effects.

One of the excellent things about Wellington was that, in spite of the enormous weight of public business he had to carry throughout most of his career, he always managed to possess some sort of private life. In official dealings he was on the whole ruthless, and treated his subordinates without much consideration. In other spheres he could be good-natured, humorous and sometimes rather eccentric.

The letters in this little book were written to Mrs. Jones during the last two years of his life—1851 and 1852. Margaret Charlotte Jones was nearly sixty years younger than the Duke. The daughter of Sir George Campbell and niece of the Lord Chief Justice of that name, she had married David Jones of Pantglas in Carmarthenshire, for which county her husband was M.P. for many years.

At this period of his life Wellington was suffering from deafness, which made it inconvenient for him to go into society, and there can be no doubt that he appreciated receiving letters from this good-looking young woman. Mrs. Jones was well known as a hostess, but her own letters, so far as can be judged, seem to have expressed her interest in Wellington himself and in general affairs, rather than conveying the gossip of the London ballrooms and country

houses which she visited. No doubt there was gossip too, but, on the whole, serious or family matters seem to have predominated. Wellington was Warden of the Cinque Ports at this period, living some of the year at Walmer Castle, and he used to visit Mrs. Jones's children who were under the care of a French governess in rooms at Dover.

In the rather unusual portrait of Mrs. Jones reproduced in this volume she looks as if she belonged physically to the

brought together by Mrs. Jones's daughter in 1889.

"I believe Sir John Hanbury has just been appointed Colonel of a Regiment," writes the Duke. "I rather think that the knowledge that he was to be appointed was what induced me to enquire from you whether he was related to Lord Bateman. I never saw or heard of the Lady or even of the Lt General himself till I thought of him for the Regiment."

That is a good example of Wellington's dry, humorous style.

The anecdote is well known of how someone came up to the Duke and said "Mr. Jones, I believe"; to which he replied "If you believe that, you will believe anything." Is it perhaps too much to hazard a guess that the inquirer had seen Wellington in conversation with this Mrs. Jones?

The book is one of a series of "Miniature Books," published by the Rodale Press. These include Henry James's essay on Daumier; *Poor Minette*, the letters of a beautiful, but unhappy, French cat (excellently illustrated); and Machiavelli's *Belphagor*, a study of a devil who is made by Pluto to marry a human wife. In Wellington's letters "Home Guards" on p. 38 should, of course, be "Horse Guards."

ANTHONY POWELL



same feminine type as the Duke's friend Mrs. Arbuthnot: small, dark, politically-minded. The Duke was fond of women and had some close attachments in his life, but he remained, perhaps inevitably, a lonely man. "No woman ever loved me; never in my whole life," he had once said emphatically.

The correspondence with "Miss J.", the religious enthusiast who had tried to "convert" him, had been carried on for sixteen or seventeen years, until in 1851 she became too much of a nuisance. Perhaps Mrs. Jones's letters to some extent took the place of that clamorous young woman, who used to complain when Wellington called on her and discreetly left his carriage standing some streets away from her place of residence.

This selection of letters was first

Fountain of Memory

Grand Man : Memories of Norman Douglas. Nancy Cunard. *Secker and Warburg, 25/-*

A better title for this gushing, jerky, silly and oddly effective book would be "Me and Norman Douglas." There is a good deal about the writer's life that has nothing to do with Douglas at all. Yet, as Boswell shows, the presence of the biographer in the picture need not smudge the likeness, and though Miss Cunard is irritating and rather difficult to read she does transmit a strong and characteristic flavour. The book contains some good photographs and a few short appreciations by other friends.

Some of the endearing mannerisms described so ecstatically strike chill

upon the reader, but the kindness and vivacity of Douglas also come through. His achievement as a writer was more limited than his achievement as a conversationalist, which is probably why his friends overrate the personal element in his travel books and underrate the originality of his most impersonal book, *South Wind*, which was not merely the darling of the Sixth Form in the 'twenties but was as influential on the Novel as Firbank.

R. G. G. P.

A Biographical Dictionary of English Architects, 1660-1840. H. M. Colvin. Murray, 70/-

Interest in the architecture of the 17th, 18th and early 19th centuries has enormously increased in recent years. This extremely useful biographical dictionary not only epitomizes recent research on the great names but brings together a mass of useful information regarding lesser architects. There is a full index of persons and of places, so that it is possible to see what work any architect has done in whom the reader is specially interested, and also who are the architects responsible for the buildings in any given neighbourhood.

The dates cover "the whole history of English classical architecture in its mature phase." Mr. H. M. Colvin supplies excellent introductory accounts of the building trade and the architectural profession in the period here catalogued. The volume is not only invaluable for looking up facts but also extremely enjoyable to browse through.

A. P.

Keep the Aspidistra Flying. George Orwell. Secker and Warburg, 12/6

This novel about the power of money, shown in the transformation of Bohemian poet Gordon Comstock into a respectable advertising copywriter, was first published in 1936. It is not one of Orwell's more important books, but it has a compelling interest. The Gissingesque picture of low life is excellently done, and the insistence on dinginess, bad smells, holes in socks, and poor food cooked in dirty frying pans has its intended accumulative weight.

There are two brilliant comic scenes, the first when Comstock is embarrassed in his love-making by the fact that he has only eightpence in his pocket, the second when he blues ten pounds in an evening. And Comstock's desire for low company, his belief that "it is a good world that they inhabit, down there in their frowzy kips and spikes," was Orwell's own. It was a firmly held belief in the essential virtue of the "great sluttish underworld" that gave him power as novelist and critic.

J. S.

The Indifferent Horseman. Edward Carpenter. Elek Books, 18/-

Why Mr. Carpenter, in this new study of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, has chosen to present his hero in his aspect as a pre-Gilbertian Heavy Dragoon is rather



"How's the myxomatosis this morning?"

puzzling. Perhaps Mr. Carpenter had no very clear idea about the line of country he meant to follow or the fences he would attempt. His scholarly fences he takes in too slipshod a fashion to satisfy scholars; and his line of country—a voluminous compilation of most of what is known of Coleridge's life—makes rather heavy going for the general reader.

But there emerges an equestrian portrait of much interest. It is that of a man, half-changeling from the night he spent, at the age of five, on the bank of the Otter; half the idealist whose natural ebullience allowed him to breathe lightly the air of early nineteenth-century German metaphysics. But the portrait has been touched up, one feels, with fluorescent paint.

R. C. S.

The Agency Game. Bernard Gutteridge. Weidenfeld & Nicolson, 12/6

Most advertising men constantly announce that they are going to write a novel about the whole mad business. Mr. Gutteridge has done it. His plot is a sound farcical construction, though he shows some awkwardness in manipulating it; but his real line is the invention of encounters and conversations. He is fascinated with the world he is describing and always ready to break off the story for yet another piece of brightly packaged information.

Some reviewers have professed to be

shocked by his frankness about sex, a subject inseparable from his milieu. I found him much less obsessed and detailed than some recent Catholic novelists, in comparison with whom he seems a healthy writer. Though the effect of the novel is unfavourable to advertising, Mr. Gutteridge is too much amused by his target to be a satirist. He explores and describes and derides and, like Mr. Amis and other recent novelists, he reminds us that one of the purposes of fiction is to entertain, and of good fiction to entertain intelligently.

R. G. G. P.

A Rogue with Ease. M. K. Argus. Rupert Hart-Davis, 10/6

"Basil Saratov ceased to be plain Saratov and became Prince Basil Saratov on an ordinary Monday in June, 1925, in the vicinity of Fourteenth Street and Avenue A in New York City." From that opening sentence the book starts off with a gallop. Basil, a very ordinary White Russian, tired of working in a toothpick factory, noticed the popularity of the nobility, and cashed in. He developed a system for gate-crashing weddings and selling Russian "heirlooms"; the "antique" engraving put him back about five extra dollars, but paid the dividends.

He learned "that no Russian nobleman should address another Russian nobleman in Russian unless he is certain that the person addressed understands the damn language." It is funny, yes, it is, but the quality of the humour is a bit strained, and the manner of telling a bit too staccato. There is a glorious finish which must not be told here, and the descriptions of the "pious City of Hollywood," where *Crime and Punishment* is being turned back to front to make a film, is as good as most descriptions of Hollywood.

B. E. B.

HUMOROUS ART

THE British and American Humorous Art Exhibition in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association will be on show at the New Victoria Cinema, Edinburgh, from August 30 to September 10. It includes 250 original drawings by 117 British and American artists. Admission is free.

The Starr Affair. Jean Overton Fuller. Gollancz, 13/6

Perhaps the parallel with Crichton Down will strike other readers. True, Captain Starr, twice parachuted into France to work with the Resistance before being taken by the Gestapo, cannot be said to have been denied his just dues—except that any man suspected of, but never charged with, treason is morally entitled to know why his name is mud in official quarters. But Miss Fuller, in a painstaking and moderate examination of all the facts, does conclude that Whitehall showed "an extraordinary obstinacy in sticking to judgments they had once made on people's characters . . . There was an absolutism about it, a refusal to admit the possibility that they could be wrong."

The story is at once enthralling and uncomfortable. The War Office (quoted in a note on the wrapper) say that they cannot vouch for its "accuracy or otherwise." One wishes that they could have vouched for a little "otherwise," here and there.

J. B. B.

A Marshland Omnibus. S. L. Bensusan. Duckworth, 21/-

At eighty-one Mr. S. L. Bensusan brings with him, from the field he has so long cultivated, some fifth of its five-hundred sheaves, loading them into his new omnibus. Most of these short stories have already appeared in earlier books, and the eighteen new ones could have been placed anywhere among them and not have been discovered through any diminishing of interest, sympathy or insight. These are outstanding qualities in his work; he can make harsh judgments upon the nastier rich, but where humble men and women are concerned sees and records with a lovely fellow-feeling. His Marshland people are human beings in a certain setting, and that setting, woodland or sea-wall, village inn or cottage bedroom, he has observed with the keenest eyes. True, he does not always cut the stuff of life so skilfully as to show that pattern which makes a story, but his sketches are charming and, for those who like dialect, here is, as his characters would say, "a forever" of rare and satisfying words and idioms.

B. E. S.

John Gibson Lockhart. Marion Lockhead. Murray, 25/-

Nearly as many people have fallen in love with the Scott circle as with the Shelley circle, and even though the writer of this biography tries to show that Lockhart had some literary importance apart from being Scott's biographer, she is obviously glad when she can escape from dutifully recounting his life on *The Quarterly* to return to domestic trivia about his life as husband of Sir Walter's daughter and father of his granddaughter.

Lockhart mellowed after the swash-buckling days of the attack on Keats and

the savageries of *Blackwood's*, and in time tried to restrain Croker; but Miss Lockhead, while praising him for critical insight, scholarship and other qualities useful for an editor, does not particularize enough to make her gossip Life much of a contribution to the history of English criticism or even of English journalism. The numerous quotations from Lockhart's letters are entertaining, but as a whole the book does not amount to more than an amiable, ambling picture of a man happy in his home life and fortunate in his relations.

R. G. G. P.

The Church in England. S. C. Carpenter. Murray, 40/-

This book begins with the foundation of the Church in England by Pope Gregory I (Augustine being "a much smaller person") and ends with the enthronement of Whiggish prelates in 1689. Dr. Carpenter writes in a pleasing, lively style, and from a point of view which, though decidedly Anglican, is not immoderately partisan.

The more discreditable episodes of the Church's history are dealt with very nimbly, and the author reveals a splendidly English gift for good-humoured understatement. Thus, one bloodthirsty progression from a Protestant to a

Catholic establishment is described, in a memorable phrase, as a change of trumps in religion. The Laudian period of the early seventeenth century appears, from Dr. Carpenter's account, to have reaped the richest harvest of un-Popish Catholic faith in England; but this book is really more about the political than the spiritual history of the English church. In the author's own words it is a tale of "valour and tragedy, romance and comedy." Piety is less in evidence.

M. C.

AT THE PLAY

Keep in a Cool Place
(SAVILLE)



ROGER LIVESEY, made up to look like Sir Compton Mackenzie, plays Marcus McLeod, a middle-aged Scottish laird who has sent four stalwart sons out into the world, one each to the Diplomatic, the Navy, the Police and the Army. One day, unsuspected wives of three of them turn up almost simultaneously. (The bus and train services in this glen are not characteristic of North Britain.) The diplomat's wife is an aristocratic Hungarian refugee; the sailor's, a soubrette from a touring revue; the policeman's, a forger's daughter; and the one thing they all



Marcus McLeod—MR. ROGER LIVESEY

[Keep in a Cool Place

share is a desire, having checked in at their father-in-law's home, to check out again forthwith. This their father-in-law, who has old-fashioned ideas about matrimony, is determined to prevent; and his ruthless machinations to this end just contrive to see the play through to the last act, where the four sons, arriving as simultaneously and unexpectedly as their wives, find marital happiness awaiting them. The four sons, yes; an author capable of manipulating probability as pitilessly as Mr. WILLIAM TEMPLETON is not likely to balk at the task of finding a wife for wee Gavin out of the handful of spare female characters with which the play is equipped.

With such a drivelling plot, only two things could save the day—sparkling dialogue or sparkling performance. The dialogue here is almost no help at all; but as long as ROGER LIVESY is on the stage the proceedings take on a semblance of wit. He makes the McLeod a gay, arrogant, flamboyant character, and displays a hitherto unrevealed talent for the saxophone. Some valiant help comes from JEAN CADELL as his old house-keeper, and there is a horrible little vignette of a music-hall comedian by KENNETH CONNOR, though the author only throws this in to preserve Act II from putrefaction.

Recommended

Both the Bristol Old Vic shows, *The Duenna* (Westminster) and *Salad Days* (Vaudeville); *Joyce Grenfell Requests the Pleasure* (Fortune); and at a more serious level, *Six Characters in Search of an Author* (St. James's) and *Murder Story* (Cambridge), which is not a "thriller."

B. A. YOUNG



AT THE PICTURES

The Caine Mutiny

THE box-office principle that any story must be treated as a love-story with merely decorative interruptions, that the treatment of any theme whatever has to be built on a foundation of boy-gets-girl, is taxed to the uttermost in *The Caine Mutiny* (Director: EDWARD DMYTRYK)—but they contrive that it shall hold. Indeed, it would hardly surprise me to hear that there are simple-minded fans who regard the film as an account of an episode in the life of Ensign Willie Keith, one that distracted him regrettably long from the important business of settling the situation between his mother and his girl, and that that is how they would summarize the story if asked what it was about. The truth—that Willie Keith is there at all only in the capacity of observer, as a technical device to help in the presentation of the real story which does not, in fact, very much concern him—if they could grasp the idea of it at all, would seem to them completely wrong.

But let us forget about them; certain



Captain Queeg—HUMPHREY BOGART

[*The Caine Mutiny*
Lieutenant Mark—VAN JOHNSON

scenes are pointlessly over-emphasized on their account, but not to a degree that spoils the picture for anyone a trifle more grown-up. The basic story of the mutiny and what led up to it—and above all the court-martial that followed it—remain as they were in HERMAN WOUK's novel and are quite admirably handled. HUMPHREY BOGART has certainly never done anything better than his portrait of Captain Queeg. In his final scene, the mounting uneasiness of Queeg as he testifies at the court-martial, the way he feels and reflects the changing mood of the court, are conveyed brilliantly and—this is another thing that will baffle the simpler fans—quite movingly. It is Mr. BOGART's triumph that he is able to carry out the novelist's aim and make us see the point of Queeg and sympathize with him even as we disapprove.

The court-martial, of course, is the big scene, the focus of the whole thing, as is indicated by the continuing success in New York of a stage version of that part of the book and no more. But the ninety minutes that precede it (the whole film runs for over two hours) are full of excellent, absorbing, often amusing incident, none of it—except the scenes concerned with the private life of Willie Keith—irrelevant to an understanding of the situation that the mutiny brings to a head. And the scene of the mutiny itself, when the executive officer (VAN JOHNSON) takes over command in a typhoon, is made impressively convincing.

This is about the first time the

type-casters have allowed Mr. JOHNSON outside the little enclosure they long ago built for him, and he makes the most of the chance. It is a rare outing too for FRED MACMURRAY as Keefer, the irresponsible cynic. As nobody so far has ventured to type-cast JOSE FERRER, his performance as Greenwald, defence counsel at the court-martial, can be appreciated simply as another different character from his gallery. Mr. BOGART I have already implied is first-rate. In fact the only unfortunates are ROBERT FRANCIS and MAY WYNN, who have to appear as ordinary Young American Lovers for the sole benefit of those members of the audience who don't understand a story about anything else.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Unexpectedly strong support for the Academy's Shakespeare season has caused an extension: this week *Hamlet* again, next week *Henry V.* Also in London: *The Bandit* (21/7/54), and the long-established *Executive Suite* (30/6/54) and *The Living Desert* (2/6/54). A quite satisfactory new Western is *River of No Return*.

Releases include the Hitchcock *Dial M for Murder* (28/7/54) and a pleasing documentary about African animals, *Below the Sahara* (23/6/54). *Susan Slept Here* (11/8/54) is a trifle nicely done, with much bright dialogue.

RICHARD MALLETT

ON THE AIR

Fin de Cycle

IAIN MACCORMICK'S play sequence *The Promised Years* came to an end last week with the fourth instalment, *Return to the River*. The series has been spread over a period of four months and the lacunæ between the courses has converted a dramatic banquet into four hearty snacks. It would be interesting to see how much more (or less) effective the series would be compressed into a single week: my view is that *The Promised Years* could be telescoped to make a magnificent film, that the four instalments will each achieve wide success on the stage and have a very long innings with the repertory companies.

Inevitably, the quality of the drama has been uneven. It began very well, slumped badly during the episode dealing with the Berlin "air-lift," recovered and reached the heights in the story of the padre in Korea, and returned to Canevento and the so leetle peoples of Italia to make a respectable coda. *Allegretto, Adagio assai, Allegro con brio, Allegretto*. The complete cycle grew, I understand, from the success and promise of the first play, which was intended as a singleton, and Iain MacCormick must be congratulated on his sustained effort. He mixes the ingredients of modern melodrama with great skill—a good helping of gunplay, a dollop of illicit love and brazen flirtation, a soupçon of unexceptionable philosophy, lashings of suspense and a thick gravy of broken English.

In *Return to the River* the English soldier, Major Kent, returns to an Italian village which was blown up nine years earlier with great loss of life. He is still



(Return to the River)

Huntin', Shootin' and Fishin'
Poldari (John Sharplin) Major Kent (Simon Lack)
Vincenzo (Laurence Payne)

haunted by the apparent futility and cruelty of this Allied act of war, and when an opportunity to exhibit his bravery and manliness presents itself he leaps at the chance, swims across a freezing river, risks the bullets of the Italian police, and enables his old friend Vincenzo, once a local leader of the Resistance and now a tough outlaw, to make a dash for freedom.

The action takes place in a vast Italian farmhouse kitchen inhabited by Papa and Mama Valbella, their not-quite-so-innocent daughter, Lucia, and a truculent grandfather, and visited by Kent, the police and the outlaw band. It is no easy matter, obviously, to fit convincing dialogue round such a shattering coincidence as Kent's and Vincenzo's re-appearance at the farmhouse: there is so much to be explained to the various parties involved, and to the viewer, that the action has to slow down to the immobility of Bailey batting against Miller. But somehow MacCormick

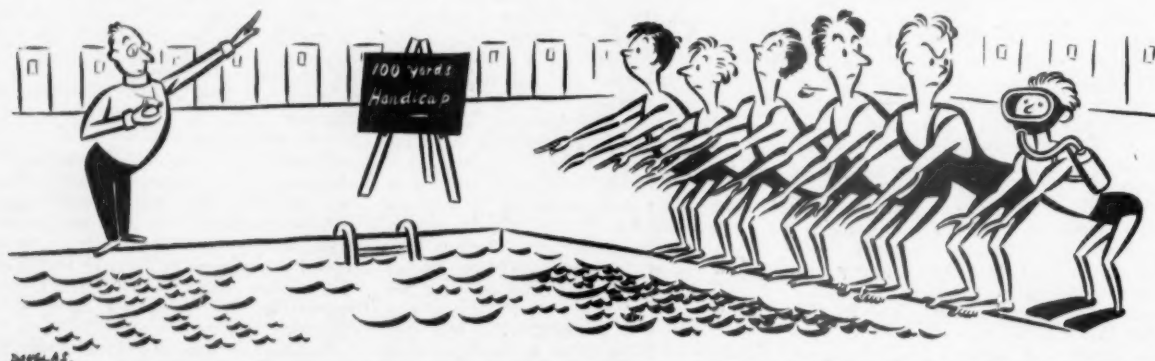
manages to fill up these untidy interludes with lots of extra-mural suspense, and his dialogue is always neat, natural and to the point.

Most viewers, I imagine, would find the climax ragged and unsatisfactory. Never mind, the drama department has delivered the goods, and if it can find a few more Iain MacCormicks we shall be grateful.

The acting was good throughout, with Ingeborg Wells, (Lucia), Paul Whitsun-Jones (Papa Valbella), Laurence Payne (Vincenzo) and Jack Rodney (Seppi) in particularly good form. The part of the "Old Man," the crusty, wine-bibbing grandpapa, was played with rather too much gusto by Toke Townley.

Last week I had no space to mention the appearance of Stephen Potter in "Authors in Focus." Potter, Paul Dehn and Colin MacInnes made a voluble trio: they talked at top speed and with a disarming display of confidence. The result was good television, even though the script would have been more suitable for a Third Programme frolic. I am not very impressed by the selections in Potter's anthology, *Sense of Humour*, nor by the air of infallibility with which he propounds his theories on humour (pure "Pottermanship"!); but he himself is an excellent portmanteau example of Danny Kaye's celebrated after-dinner speakers. He puts on and removes his spectacles at every third or fourth word, spins his voice from the gravel-beds to the stratosphere to demonstrate his enthusiasm, and has an amusing habit of puffing cigarette smoke into the viewer's face. Too much "Gamesmanship"? No, it was all very entertaining. I repeat—good television.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



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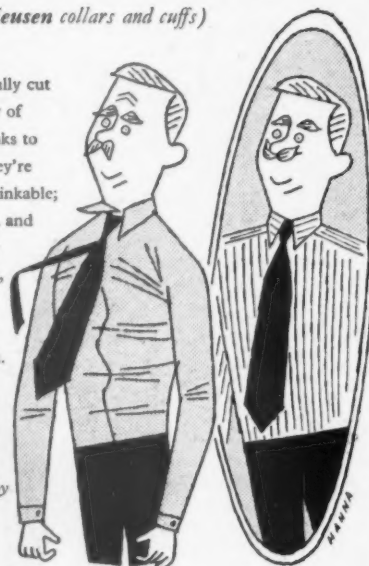
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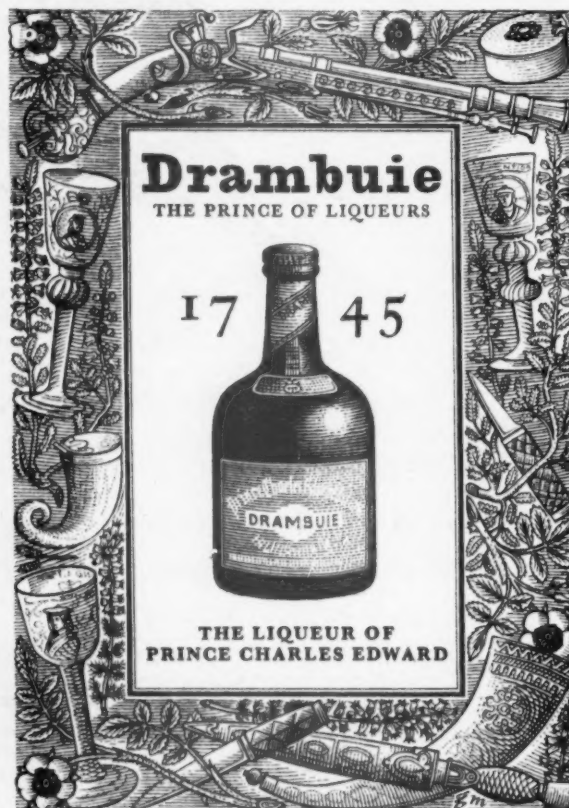


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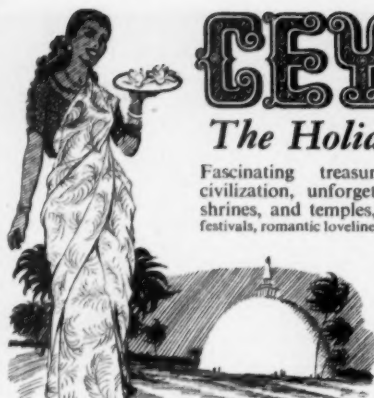
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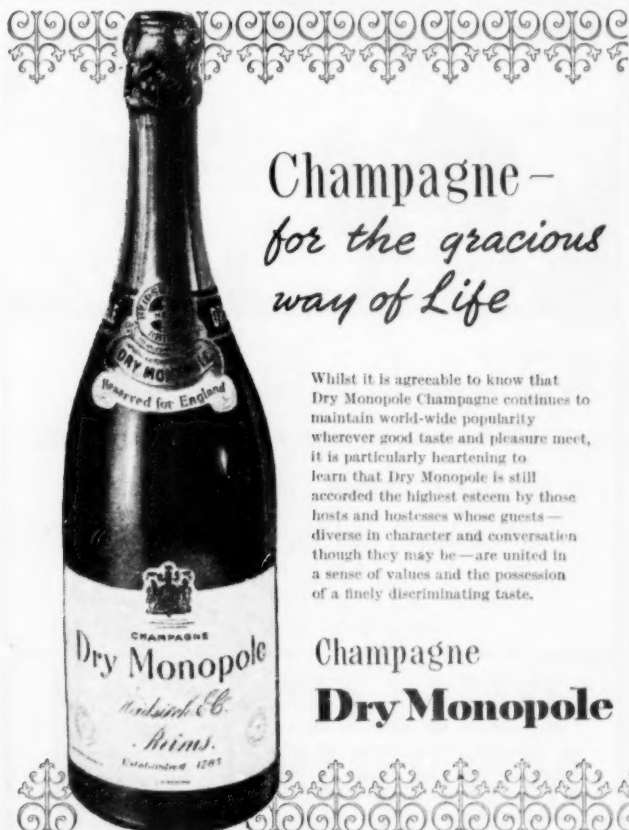
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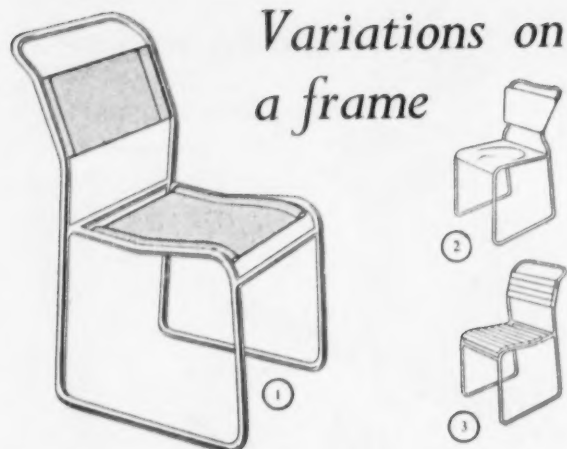
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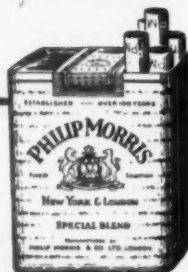
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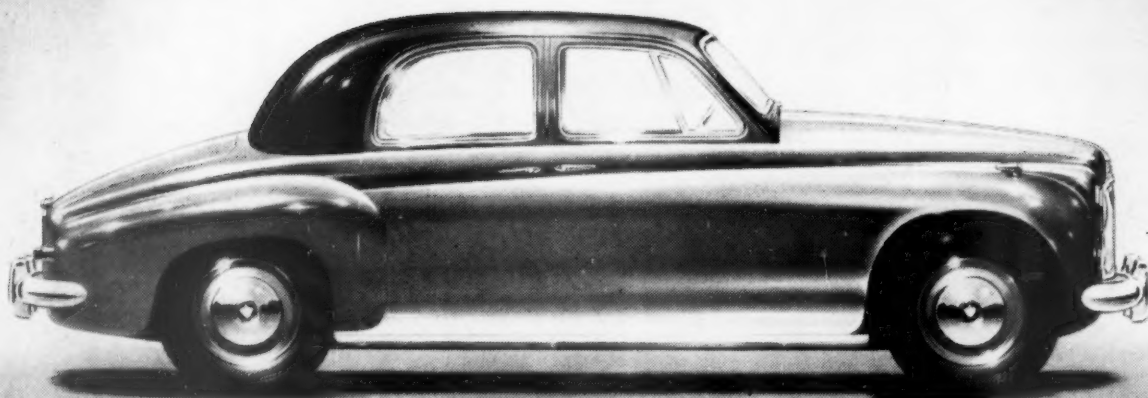


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